

Florida

IT'S FUN TO FOOL 'EM
THOSE BAFFLING MANEUVERS

WILDLIFE

Hunting • Fishing
• Conservation •

DECEMBER, 1959

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS



Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

Florida State Board of Conservation
Marine Laboratory
St. Petersburg, Florida

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish

BILL HANSEN, Editor

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C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation

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Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy 25¢; subscription rate, \$2.00 per year. Changes of address should be reported promptly. Unsolicited pictures and editorial material will be handled with care, but Florida Wildlife cannot assume any responsibility for loss or damage of same. Permission to reprint any material in this publication will be granted to responsible parties upon application to the editor. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 8, 1947, at the Post Office at Tallahassee, Fla., under the Act of Aug. 24, 1912.

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REGULATIONS FOR 1959-60 HUNTING SEASON

ALL DATES SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE

OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING FLORIDA RESIDENT GAME BIRDS AND GAME ANIMALS					OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING MIGRATORY BIRDS FLORIDA					
DISTRICT	DEER BUCK ONLY	TURKEY EITHER SEX	QUAIL	SQUIRREL	RAIL AND GALLINULE (Marsh Hen)	DOVE	WOODCOCK	WATERFOWL Ducks Coot	WATERFOWL Geese	SNIPE
Day's Bag	1	2	10	10 Gray 2 Fox	15	10	4	4	2	8
Season's Bag	2	3								
1st District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. EXCEPT Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, Pinellas, DeSoto, and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. EXCEPT Manatee, Sarasota, DeSoto, Hardee and Hillsborough south of U. S. 92 open Nov. 21 to 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3 only. Pinellas County CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Hardee, DeSoto, Highlands, Glades, Charlotte, Lee and Hendry Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Nov. 21 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3
2nd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. SPECIAL SEASON Gilchrist County Nov. 21 to Dec. 13 with Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed during entire season. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3. That portion of Columbia south of St. Rd. 18 and east of U. S. 441 CLOSED.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Nov. 21 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3
3rd District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day. OKALOOSA and WALTON open Nov. 21 to Dec. 6 and Dec. 19 to Jan. 3. Washington, Holmes and Jackson Counties CLOSED. Escambia and Santa Rosa CLOSED except within Eglin Field and Blackwater management areas.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Hunting permitted every day. SPECIAL GOBBLER season April 2 to April 10—1/2 hour before sunrise to 12 noon.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. That part of Franklin County East of St. Rd. 30 and a line extending from the point where St. Rd. 30 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 10 to Nov. 1 afternoon shooting only.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Nov. 21 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3
4th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. Monroe County closed to Key Deer.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 3. Hunting permitted every day. Collier County open only Nov. 21 to Nov. 29 and Dec. 25 to Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Hunting permitted every day.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Okeechobee and Collier Counties.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Nov. 21 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3
5th District	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Jan. 10. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Nov. 21 to Feb. 14. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 3.	Sept. 5 to Nov. 8.	Oct. 10 to Nov. 26 to Jan. 6. Afternoon shooting only. EXCEPT no early season in Brevard, Volusia, St. Johns, Flagler and that portion of Putnam County east of St. John's River.	Dec. 12 to Jan. 10.	Nov. 30 to Jan. 8	Nov. 21 to Jan. 8	Dec. 5 to Jan. 3

Hunting for Migratory Birds permitted every day of applicable open season.

*Hunting for Migratory Birds permitted every day of applicable open season.

Complete summary of Hunting and Trapping Rules and Regulations, applying to Game, Fur Bearing Animals, and Reptiles 1959-60, can be obtained at the office of the County Judge, or from any of the regional offices, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, listed on Page 3.

Make This A Safe Hunting Season

By J. P. LINDUSKA, Editor
Remington News Letter

PRACTICALLY ALL hunting accidents due to firearms could be avoided if everyone who goes afield with a gun would constantly practice the simple fundamentals of safe gun handling. Not only would this keep our great traditional sport of hunting a safe sport, but safe shooting means better marksmanship.

There are a few safe gun handling tips, however, that every beginner, and experienced gunner, too, should impress upon his memory. Here they are:

Carry only empty guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp or home. Whenever you pick up a gun, whether you are indoors or outdoors, ALWAYS first point the muzzle of the gun in a safe direction and examine the piece carefully to make sure whether or not it is loaded.

The pointing of a loaded or unloaded gun toward a companion is a violation of every principle of good sportsmanship. It is the unpardonable sin of shooting ethics. Do it just once and you have lost the respect and comradeship of your companion, and branded yourself as either a thoughtless novice or a careless, dangerous shooter with whom it is unsafe to go afield. *Watch that muzzle!* Never indulge in 'horseplay' with firearms.

The leaving of loaded guns unattended is extremely dangerous. A companion may pick one up thinking it to be unloaded. If it is propped against a tree, car or post, a frisking hunting dog may bump against it, knocking off the safety and stepping on the trigger. These things have happened!

When you are resting in the field or woods, always lay your gun down flat, preferably unloading it first and with the muzzle pointing away from everybody. No one can enjoy a lunch looking down the muzzle of a gun, loaded or unloaded.

In climbing over fences or obstructions, always first pass your gun over to your companion, or pass

it through the fence and lay it on the ground. A stumble or a fall might prove disastrous.

Before loading your gun, always make sure that the barrel and action are free from obstructions. Foreign matter in the barrel causes more 'blown up' guns than any other factor. Should you stumble badly or fall and your gun muzzle touches the ground, always unload and look through the bore to be sure that it is not clogged with mud, snow or other substance.

If you are walking single file, keep your muzzle pointed forward. If you are walking behind your companion, see that your gun points away from him at all times. It is best to walk abreast in the fields or woods, but in doing so, see that your muzzle is always pointed away from your companion. Never crowd your companion in the duck blind. Be sure that each of you has plenty of room in which to shoot safely.

Never, NEVER pull a gun, loaded or unloaded, toward you from a boat, car or through a fence.

Always see that your safety is ON until you are ready to shoot. Sudden jars and brushing against twigs or brush can release the safety catch without your knowing it. Examine it frequently.

When you approach camp or your automobile, always unload your gun. Take it down or open the action before putting it away or setting it aside.

Always make sure of your target before pulling the trigger. Take a good look . . . and then look again! Never fire in the direction of a sudden sound. It may be caused by some farmer's livestock or, worse still, another hunter.

When you are in the woods or close cover, it is best to wear some

article of bright color, preferably red. No deer goes prancing around wearing a red bandanna.

Be careful of shooting at a flat hard surface or the surface of water. Dangerous ricochets may result from such shooting.

Don't be afraid of being accused of having 'old maidish' ideas in the practice of these simple principles of gun safety. By observing them, you will gain the respect and admiration of your fellow sportsmen and by example, encourage them to do likewise.

Be on the alert always. This will void confusion and allow you to bring your gun into action quickly. Alertness makes for good marksmanship. Carry your gun at the 'ready' position, hands on the fore-end and grip, muzzle elevated at an angle about in line with your eye. Adopt a free and easy attitude. This will allow you to bring your gun up to your shoulder quickly, get your cheek down on the stock easily and permits the free swing which gets results.

Watch your footing carefully. Try to always be in position to gain a solid, comfortable shooting stance which will allow quick coordination of mind and muscle.

Always go comfortably shod. Pinched or blistered feet will spoil any day's hunt. Dress as lightly as possible. If the weather is cold, a couple of light sweaters under your hunting jacket will keep you warm, and if they become uncomfortable, one or both can be removed and carried in the game pocket.

It is a compliment to be invited to go hunting with an experienced gunner. It means he believes you will observe all the rules of safety and practice good sportsmanship. Don't let him down by taking chances and you'll help make hunting a safer sport. ●

THE COVER

QUAIL HUNTING in South Florida. Clewiston hunter Hank Andreis stands ready as his pointer Flash, finds the bobwhites.

Cover Photo by Phil Francis

**Coming
Around
Again**



..... is the time for that extra

special gift to your sportsmen friends.

Give a Christmas present that extends your

GOOD WISHES through the entire year, a gift subscription to . . .

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The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

Here is a 12-in-1 gift that is perfect for your relatives, friends and business associates who like to hunt and fish in **FLORIDA**.

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WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

IT'S THE 12TH MONTH of the year once more. The month of December brings with it so many promised things. It's a time for preparation for our Yuletide season, a time for Christ's birthday to be celebrated, a time when little ones begin to focus their twinkling eyes on toys and toyland with the gentle touch of magic and fairyland and Santa Claus is the air. The last month of the year soon to be a part of the past never-never-land; a sad month also in some ways, for it gives us a chance to evaluate ourselves and our broken promises; a happy time of year for we are given a chance to give instead of take; a period of expectancy, for a new year is at hand. It is also the time of year for hunters to practice

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

all of their hunter-safety training; a time for good fellowship that spells out GOOD SPORTSMEN.

Within this column at the close of the year, I would like to take time to mention the stabilizing influence our volunteer workers have done in the Youth Conservation Club operations. These men and women have been continuing to serve unnoticed and unobserved by the public for some years now. They have given of their time and money and energy for the continued success of their direct local charges and the overall state program.

I know I express the same wish



and desire of the Headquarters Office in Tallahassee as here in Ocala when a profound and sincere thanks is offered for their worthy and unselfish work. Our thanks then to: Herb Mayhew, Allapattah Miami Optimist Jr. Conservation Club; John T. Blackshear, Principal, Baker High School; Everitt McGraw, St. Andrews Station, Panama City; Gene Gallant, Deane Mather Jr. Conservation Club, Ocala; Howard McBride, Everglades Jr. Conservation Squadron, Hialeah; Ed Richey, Fruitland Park Jr. Conservation Club; Bill Williams, Hallandale Optimist Jr. Conservation Club; Bill Crossman, Mrs. Doris Southwell, Bill Cliett, Halifax Jr. Hunting and Fishing Club, Daytona Beach; Millard Jones, Al Jones, Hollywood Jr. Conservation Club; Dick Sims, Don Smith, Leesburg Jr. Wildlife Club; W. A. Reynolds, Pahokee Jr. Wildlife Club; William Eubanks, Teacher, Palatka High School; Ralph Tompkins, Teacher, Land O'Lakes School, Jr. Conservation Club; Mrs. Marie Puckett, St. Petersburg Jr. Rod and Gun Club; Bill McMahon, Bob Gottron, Stuart Jr. Conservation Club; Mrs. James Ross, St. Johns Jr. Conservation Club.

And to those who have directly or indirectly helped to promote the Conservation Program here in Florida, our sincere appreciation.

New Office

All of us in the Ocala office have a pleasant surprise extended to us this month, for our new building on Silver Springs Boulevard will be completed.

For those of you who correspond



HORSEPLAY IS FOR HORSES-

- NOT FOR THE MAN WITH A GUN !



HUNT SAFELY

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

A GOOD SPORTSMAN

- 1) Observes the game laws and assists in their enforcement.
- 2) Is careful and does not jeopardize the lives of others.
- 3) Does not leave a wounded animal in the woods to die.
- 4) Does not waste wild meat.
- 5) Respects the rights, privileges, and property of others.
- 6) Does not let his match, campfire, or warming fire start a blaze and thus destroy the homes of our wildlife.
- 7) Leaves a clean camp and a dead fire.

with us and who may wish to visit our new headquarters the address is: 2520 East Silver Springs Blvd., Ocala, Florida.

So won't you all come see us when you are passing by. To all clubs, club advisors and counselors, after December 1, please use our new address.

1960 Directory

We would like very much to have all Youth Conservation Clubs report any changes in sponsors, advisors, counselors, or any change in officers roster and membership strength. We would like to complete our new 1960 Directory by February and have them in the mail by March.

Some time ago a directory questionnaire was sent from this office. Clubs who responded are: Shady Grove Jr. Conservation Club; Stuart Jr. Conservation Club; Pasco Pioneers Jr. Conservation Club; Bartow Jr. Conservation Club; Bay County Boys Jr. Conservation Club; St. Petersburg Jr. Rod and Gun Club.

Tag Day

The Youth Conservation Club League would like also to close the books on Youth Tag Day receipts. If you have neglected to send in your receipts, please do so this month (Dec.). Clubs who have reported are: Bartow, Allapattah, St. Augustine, Stuart, Hialeah, St. Petersburg, Land O'Lakes, and North Miami.

We are planning to purchase two more canoes for camp at Lake Eaton this coming year.

Summer Camp

The eighth annual encampment

this summer (1959) is now a part of the past. All of us here at headquarters felt it was the best program presented so far. There remains of course many new ideas to be tried and to improve over those already introduced.

We are making plans every day now for our 1960 Camp. Eliminating our omissions and strengthening our weaknesses, we can have an even better camp than last summer.

We promise to have our applications mailed earlier this year so you

may have sufficient time to make summer plans.

Had a pleasant visit the other day from Gene Gallant of Ocala. Gene is Senior Counselor for the Dean Mather Jr. Wildlife Club. Gene has been with us in the field of conservation for some time now and has contributed a great deal to the overall program.

He presented me with a program of activities, mimeographed and containing eight full pages. It was designed as a guide for the youthful conservationists and also to inform the parents what the program is, its purpose and how operated.

Activities considered are boating, water safety, exploring, leadership, fish management and conservation, nature and wildlife, Indian lore, resource conservation and law enforcement and camp craft.

It's quite a book and I am very anxious to present it to the State Adult Advisory Council and to the Youth Conservation Club League for study and recommendation for other clubs to use. ●

DUCK HUNTING TIPS

DUCK IDENTIFICATION IS IMPORTANT TO DUCK HUNTERS THIS YEAR - DUE TO A POOR NESTING SEASON ONLY ONE [NOT ONE OF EACH] OF THE FOLLOWING DUCKS MAY BE INCLUDED IN THE DAILY BAG LIMIT OF 4 DUCKS PER HUNTER



DUCK SEASON OPENS
12 NOON NOVEMBER 30
ENDS at SUNSET JANUARY 8

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION



FOR YEARS, MEMBERS OF the National Rifle Association have had the privilege of buying new and used Springfields, Enfields, Kraggs and, more recently, Garands through the Office of the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, Washington, D. C., at attractive prices.

This Gun Editor remembers when the .45-70 caliber Model 1873 Springfield once carried a price tag of only \$1.25, and unused .30-40 Kraggs and World War I-manufacture .30-06 Enfields could be had at truly bargain prices. New and used Model 1903 Springfields and models of the bolt-action rifle's successor, the Garand, have been periodically available, too, but at higher prices. Some of the purchases made through the DCM have been for museum pieces, but by far the greatest majority of yesteryear gun model acquisitions have been for modification and use as sporting rifles by their new owners.

Adoption by the NATO-member nations of the 7.62 mm. NATO cartridge as standard for all rifles and ground machine guns has caused thousands upon thousands of heretofore officially used military weapons to be declared obsolete and subject to open-market sale.

Quite naturally, gun-loving American sportsmen are happy about the situation; many fine gun bargains can be had for conversion into sporting weapons.

Not so the American arms and ammunition manufacturers! Now that home-market sales and imports together have reached flood proportions, the American munition makers, who seemingly depend on sportsmen to keep them going between wars, are so greatly perturbed that they have organized in a call on

By **EDMUND McLAURIN**

Congress for legislation that will protect their valuable consumer market. Also, Winchester, a big name in the firearms manufacturing field, has been flooding the trade magazines with advertisements in which the cost of purchasing a new Winchester rifle has been compared with the itemized expense of purchasing and remodeling an obsolete military weapon for sporting use. Over-the-counter purchase of a standard make American sporting weapon figures out as the best buy, according to Winchester arithmetic.

Actually, Winchester is right. Everything considered, no foreign-made sporting weapon or military type rifle can outclass American-manufactured sporting firearms for quality, value and readiness of use. There are only two flaws in the logic of the American gun makers: (1) The retail market is already flooded with available military-surplus guns and ammunition. Congressional legislation may cut off future bulk sales to dealers and reduce imports, but can hope to do little about surplus military guns already in dealer stocks or otherwise available for legal sale . . . and . . . (2) The average sportsman is going to continue to buy American guns. Greatest appeal of surplus military weapons is the *idea* of converting an ugly duckling into a Jayne Mansfield, curves and all. However, the average sportsman, long happily married to an



American gun isn't going to forsake his beloved. His new interest may be attractive and undeniably expensive in the aggregate, but the wife—in this case, the American-made gun—holds the high cards. . . .

Besides American military rifle models, the Mauser 98, the Italian 6.5 mm. Carcano, the Japanese Model 38 Arisaka 6.5 mm. and the Model 99 (1939) 7.7 mm., the Norwegian Krag, Russian 7.62 mm., French Model 1916 Carbine and the British .303 Short Magazine Lee Enfield are popular military models being sporterized.

This Gun Editor has stuck closely to American military model rifles when investing in conversion work, as he feels they are basically superior in steel quality and general manufacture, and because ammunition for obsolete American models will probably be available a long time. For other discontinued military weapons, age and demand may make ammunition hard to find. Although there is plenty of war-surplus ammunition around now, in another ten years the .303 cartridge, for example, probably won't be available this side of the Canadian border.

When he learned of the availability on the open market of a small quantity of Model 1917 .30-06 caliber Enfields, as made by Remington at



The U. S. model 1917 Enfield rifle, .30-06 caliber, is one of the best military actions to convert into a sporting rifle.

its Eddystone, Pennsylvania, plant during World War I, and advertised as being in "mint condition," this Gun Editor promptly put in a bid for one.

The Enfield has a particularly strong action, and its conveniently located, thumb-operated safety is excellent for fast, positive use. Together, these features make the Enfield a good military rifle to convert into a sporting rifle. Strength, in respect to handling cartridge pressure, is largely centered in the receiver ring and bolt head and last forward inch of the receiver, rather than in the entire receiver alone.

Because he had neither the necessary machinery nor the time required for the various work stages involved, the rifle was placed in the hands of Williams Gun Sight Company, Davison, Michigan, for gunsmithing work in accordance with job specifications furnished. No attempt was made to alter and utilize the atrocious military stock. Instead, a sporter stock was ordered from E. C. Bishop & Son, Warsaw, Missouri, famous makers of rifle stocks at reasonable prices, with instructions that the semi-finished and inletted stock be sent on to the Williams' plant for fitting and final finishing. The result is pictured in this month's MUZZLE FLASHES section. (Sling swivels and leather carrying strap have since been added.)

But the photo does not show the fine finishing and close fitting of parts that exist in the finished product.

Besides fitting the Bishop-made stock to the Enfield action and finishing the stock's exterior, the Williams Gun Sight Company workmen did a beautiful job of such major alteration work as shortening and crowning the original barrel, installing a micrometer-click rear peep sight and ramp-style blade front sight, smoothing up the action, streamlining awkward-looking spots in the rugged Enfield's basic design, and completely refinishing all metal parts to a beautiful, deep blue sheen.

When received, this Gun Editor

Shoot only when you're
sure it's legal game



Positively identify your target before
you shoot! This is the No. 1 rule of
all hunting safety programs.

was delighted with the gun — with one exception. The trigger, although smooth, still had the long, two-stage military pull. Actually, this was not the servicing firm's fault; instructions concerning the trigger alteration were inadvertently left out of work-order specifications.

Although the two-stage military trigger pull is all right for slow-fire shooting, it is not practical for snap-shooting running game. To solve the problem, an entire trigger mechanism was ordered from Dayton-Traister Company, Edmonds, Washington, and substituted for the original trigger assembly.

The final product is a top-quality, strong, nicely balanced and attractive sporting rifle, ready to handle the versatile .30-06 cartridge in any of its bullet weight loadings. In essence, the converted Enfield is an all-around hunting weapon, capable of taking any specie of North American big-game. Given reasonable care, it should last a lifetime and serve admirably as an extra rifle.

Wives being subject to needless Fall apparel buying spells—strangely coincident to husbands' purchases of absolutely essential, can't-get-along-without-it, hunting equipment—the total cost of the converted Enfield will not be mentioned here. Unfortunately, a price tag that is truly a big bargain to the sportsman-consumer is not so regarded by his wife. Besides, there's that new

shotgun to be paid for upon arrival. Nothing must queer *that* transaction!

During the hunting season, guns get a lot of handling, often by persons whose hands have a tendency to be almost constantly moist and acid from perspiration. Unless fire-arms are wiped free of fingerprints at the end of the hunting day, they are apt to rust on their exterior surfaces, especially at point of gun balance where a rifle or shotgun is most handled. On blued steel surfaces, this rust sometimes starts so gradually it is difficult to detect until too late to save the gun's originally unblemished factory finish.

This season, carry one of the new Silicote Gun Cloths along on hunting trips and use it to occasionally wipe off your gun. The silicone impregnated cloth puts a protective film on metal surfaces that is non-greasy, waterproof and resistant to fingerprints. A piece from one end of the large size Silicote Cloth can be snipped off and kept solely for the purpose of wiping scope lenses at intervals during a hunting day. Carrying it in a small plastic bag will keep it from collecting harmful abrasives.

Made by The Silicote Corp., Oshkosh, Wisconsin, the silicone-impregnated cloth is one of the best gun rags this Gun Editor has ever seen. The firm also makes Silicote Gun-Cote Spray, a greaseless chemical mixture that puts an invisible rain-coat on guns carried afield. The cloths retail for 89c each; the gas-powered liquid spray solution is 98c a can. Both products have practical application, whether you use them in the field or at home.

The number of seemingly inevitable gun accidents in Florida each hunting season can be radically reduced if hunters will simply take time to positively identify their targets before they shoot. This is the No. 1 rule of all hunting safety rules! Go afield ever conscious of it as you hunt.

Instant identification of an antlered deer standing or moving amid
(continued on page 41)

FISHING



PAT SULLIVAN is an old friend, who for many years was dean of Miami fishing commentators on radio and TV. Pat has forsaken the magic city for peace and quiet of the small-town atmosphere of the Jensen Beach area. Actually, Pat is located in Rio, a resort community straddling the highway midway between Jensen Beach and Stuart.

Many of Pat's friends, who remember him as "Mr. Fisherman," will be surprised to learn he has deserted the ranks of us anglers and now devotes himself both as a hobby and business to gemcrafting. In other words, he peddles rocks—but what rocks they are.

Pat gave me a piece of polished, agatized coral I am wearing as a watch fob. This gem stone is Florida's only claim to fame among rock hounds and is found in Tampa Bay just off Ballast Point. It makes an interesting conversation piece but impresses me, because Pat says geologists estimate it took nature at least five million years to produce it. When the years begin to press in on me these days, I just finger my watch fob and take new heart.

Browsing through Pat's fabulous collection of gems at his Rio shop, I noticed a large, deep-green stone cut in typical brilliant fashion. I held this stone in my hand and turned it so the light reflected in its many facets. Looking into the depths of the stone's heart was like looking at the banked fires in a deep furnace.

I was fascinated and asked Pat what kind of stone it was. He said it was an A. T. Emerald. I was properly impressed. I know emeralds are among the most precious gems in the world, and I couldn't quite figure Pat Sullivan being so casual about a piece of property whose

By **CHUCK SCHILLING**

value would be very high. I asked, "What kind of gem is an A. T. Emerald?" and this is what I learned.

Pat said, at a friend's home, an ash tray had been knocked from a table and broken. It was a heavy, glass ash tray and a perfect emerald green. Pat took the broken pieces to his shop, cut and polished some of them, and he calls them his A. T. (Ash Tray) Emeralds.

The stone that had impressed me so much was, in reality, only a broken fragment of a cheap ash tray. This happened only a week or so ago, and I can't help recalling it as I prepare to write a column for the Christmas issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* Magazine. It seems to me there is a moral and lesson in this amusing incident at this Christmas Season of 1959.

The Christmas Season

Most of us use something made



With only 'coons and sea birds for company, four friends camp out on the beach at St. Lucie Inlet. How long since you have slept on the ground? Cooked over an open fire? Watched dawn over the ocean?



familiar with long usage as a mental measure against which we compare unfamiliar objects. I measure most things in units of 17 feet. When I was much younger, I spent many weeks each year paddling a 17-foot canoe. On numerous long canoe trips, I sat on the rear seat of the craft and looked at the canoe's length until it was indelibly imprinted on my memory.

The Christmas Season is, also, my personal measure of the year. To me, the year begins and ends at Christmas, and although my birthday is in August, I mentally become a year older each Christmas—older and wiser, I hope—at least wise enough to be able to recognize that, like Pat Sullivan's A. T. Emeralds, most of the Christmas Spirit as now practiced is as phony as an ash tray posing as a precious gem.

In the commercial aspect, in the Christmas festivities of parties, revelry and celebration, it seems to me, many of us have lost sight of the fact that Christmas celebrates the birth of Jesus. It marks a milestone in the moral and religious development of the human race and is a profound occasion.

How fortunate is the man of deep, abiding, religious convictions who is, also, an outdoorsman. The fields and streams, with their wildlife inhabitants, are so closely allied with God that we mortals who turn to nature in our leisure can't help feeling a kinship and oneness with the pulse of eternal life.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is the

author of many inspirational books dealing with man's search for a better life through the practical application of God's laws. "The Power of Positive Thinking" is perhaps Dr. Peale's best-known book, but his latest, "Stay Alive All Your Life," is must reading in my opinion.

In his latest book, Dr. Peale refers time after time to the pulse of nature being the pulse of God. He advises those troubled with stress and strain of modern living to go back to nature to learn again the lessons of natural living. His advice is to relax in some quiet, outdoor spot and give yourself up to the feeling of the place, perhaps lying on the ground watching the breeze sway the trees and grasses. Watching clouds cross the sky, you will eventually be aware of a slow, rhythmic beat that will match the life force pulsing in your own body. This Dr. Peale recommends as a guide to the proper pace for natural living and as a spiritual and physical rejuvenation.

We Wildlifers

Among the active workers in conservation and outdoor fields, all sportsmen, nature lovers, and such are termed wildlifers. Anyone who thinks he has attended a taxing business convention with a full program should try wildlifing. I have been part of this scene for a long time, and I never cease to marvel at the tremendous activity of these wildlife people. They seem to have reserve stores of boundless energy.

I am firmly convinced this is because the wildlifers do live, in a large degree, in tune with God's natural pulse and timing. I have attended business conventions, where a fraction of the effort wildlifers think nothing of using left the entire ensemble completely exhausted.

I have friends from the big cities in the north who come down regularly for fishing vacations with me and who are obviously in time with the pulse of the big city's frantic pace. It usually takes at least a week or more out under the sky, living with the pulse of nature and the rise



These boys are on a "Huck Finn" raft trip from Fort Pierce to Stuart on the beautiful St. Lucie River. In just a few years they will probably skim the same water at 30 miles an hour on water skis. You guess which adventure will give the most lasting satisfaction.

and fall of tides, to wash this unnatural, destructive rhythm from their beings.

We wildlifers are a fortunate lot, but like my experience with Pat's A. T. Emeralds, we must learn to separate the chaff from the wheat if we are to reap the fullest reward from our outdoor activities. The deep feeling of satisfaction produced by sailing, paddling, or rowing a boat along a quiet, peaceful shore line must not be confused with whatever feeling is aroused when running a powerboat at great speed along the same waterway. Staying in plush fishing and hunting camps complete with every modern convenience, including TV set, is not exactly the same as pitching a tent on a lonely shore and watching the stars brighten over a dying campfire.

Fishing for fun and relaxation, releasing those fish not wanted for personal use, is hardly the same as competing strenuously to win valuable prizes in fishing contests. We are all guilty of letting our habits of modern living creep up on our outdoor activity.

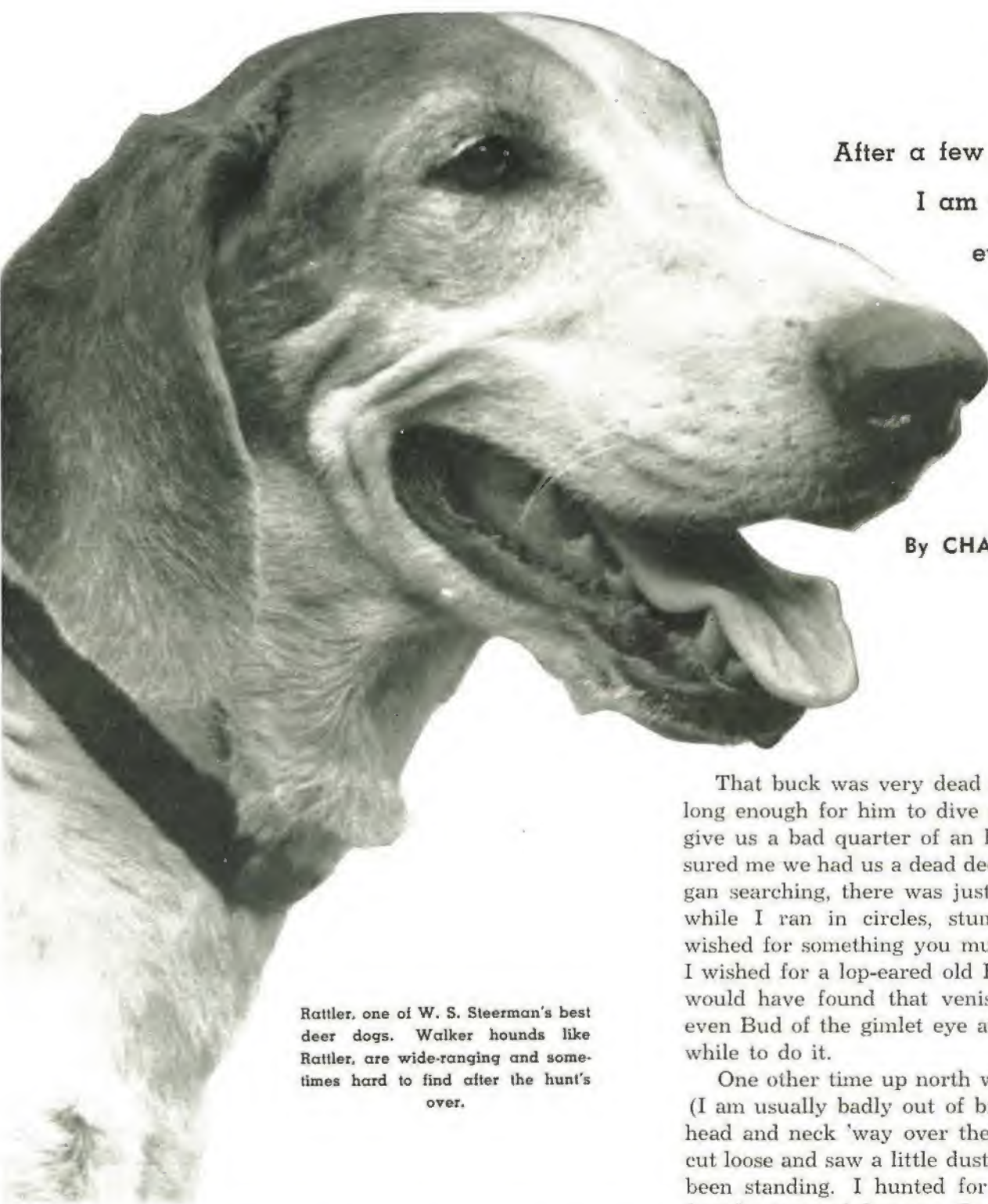
I, for one, am resolving at this Christmas Season that the coming year will find me searching for a deeper feeling of the slow pulse of nature. My canoe is going to get more use than my outboard rig, and my jungle hammock and camping outfit are coming out of moth balls. I am even now getting together a light camping outfit that will fit in a pack on my back. I am going to pack into some fishing and outdoor living this year where even jeeps can't follow. I am planning a "pack-in trip" to the high country of Gunnison National Forest out in Colorado next summer, and I am as thrilled with all this preparation as if I'd never done it before.

I have resolved this year to rediscover the slow pulse of natural living by going back to nature as I did so many years ago. These pages will record some of these experiences and results. I expect to have a wonderful time at little expenditure than the time involved. I'll be letting you know how it works out and, meanwhile, why not think along these lines for some of your own activities in the coming year? ●

DOGS

After a few days with experts,
I am convinced that if I
ever become a deer
authority, I'll
be too old
to hunt

By CHARLES WATERMAN



Rattler, one of W. S. Steerman's best deer dogs. Walker hounds like Rattler, are wide-ranging and sometimes hard to find after the hunt's over.

THIS BEGINS 2,000 miles away but stay with me and we'll be back to Florida in a minute.

I was 9,000 feet high on the side of a Montana mountain, staggering along behind long-legged Bud Baker, who lives there, when he spotted a mule deer with his binoculars.

Of course, Bud could have shot it if he had wanted to but out of courtesy to his sore-footed, wobbly-legged guest from the South he helped me up on a nice wind-fallen pine, painstakingly pointed out the target through a small gap down the mountainside and then nervously waited until I finally managed to get the crosshairs in the right spot and touched off the .243.

That buck was very dead in seconds but that was long enough for him to dive down the mountain and give us a bad quarter of an hour. Although Bud assured me we had us a dead deer and systematically began searching, there was just one thing I wished for while I ran in circles, stumbling and shouting. I wished for something you mustn't mention up North. I wished for a lop-eared old Florida hound. A hound would have found that venison in seconds, whereas even Bud of the gimlet eye and the silent step took a while to do it.

One other time up north while badly out of breath (I am usually badly out of breath) I sighted a deer's head and neck 'way over there through the forest. I cut loose and saw a little dust rise where the deer had been standing. I hunted for a long time and never found a trace of that one. I was surprised to find that once I had moved I never again really located where that deer had stood. It was on a steep mountainside with tracks all over the place. I believe and sincerely hope that I missed but I wouldn't swear that there isn't a deer skeleton up on that mountain. Anyway, the aforementioned Florida hound would have found out for sure.

Of course, the kind of country they have up there makes the "no dog" laws necessary. When you mention hunting deer with dogs the atmosphere becomes decidedly cool. They don't understand southern deer hunting.

Many a northern hunter has stomped off into Flor-

AND DEER

ida deer country without a dog just to prove he didn't need one. He usually limps back with his red shirt torn and his boots leaking and it is very, very seldom that he is carrying a whitetail buck on his shoulders.

Dogs are involved in the vast majority of Florida deer kills.

It may be that the guy who pulls the trigger hasn't seen or heard a dog that day but chances are the deer that walks out into the logging road ahead of him is moving because of dogs—somewhere.

Whitetail deer don't spend the day loping around the countryside waving their flags at sightseers. They prefer to flake out in some shade—some nice, heavy shade with enough thick brush to discourage anybody but a sleepy deer. But you don't have to tickle a sleeping deer's feet to get him under way and the chances are you could crawl through that stuff all season and never see a deer—unless you have a hound.

Most successful Florida deer hunters kill their game from stands, usually on some sort of trail where there's a little room for shooting. Florida hunting is pretty mechanized, jeeps and trucks playing an important part.

Believe me, the consistent venison collectors in this neck of the woods know their area, have the dogs and have the experience — or go with someone who has.

In the Ocala National Forest I spent a few days watching some experts and came away convinced that if I ever qualify as a Florida deer authority I'll be too old to hunt.

When Wimpy Steerman put me on a stand he not only told me exactly where to stay but exactly where

Having found an open spot for a stand, Wimpy Steerman watches for game from as high a vantage point as he can find.



Hiding habits of the white-tail, and the heavy cover in Florida's deer range, makes the use of dogs almost a necessity.

the deer would appear—if any showed up. Every stand has a name and I believe they called mine the "Stump Stand."

When they laid out that particular drive they decided Jerry Pay was to take some dogs through. This crowd had been hunting for several days and Jerry looked as if he had taken quite a few dogs through already. In fact, he looked as if he had whipped a couple of antlered bucks barehanded. His shirt was in shreds, his pants were snagged in several places and he had scratches almost everywhere he showed.

When I watched him "take some dogs through" later in the day I understood his appearance. The technique is to whistle softly to the dogs so they'll know they're to stay fairly close to you and head into the scrub. Instead of picking the best places to walk you pick the worst places to walk and it is a sign of cowardice to go around a patch of underbrush. You just wade and climb through it, check to see if you still have your gun, hat and pants and look for another bad place.

Jerry explained to me that his purpose wasn't so much to jump a deer himself as it was to make sure the dogs moved on through without wasting too much time and to see to it that they worked the most likely places. He worked toward the stands on the other side of the hunted area. Of course, if the dogs picked up a

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The Florida white-tail is not a big animal, and to bag a buck doesn't call for a gun with high killing power. Wounded deer can be trailed and easily found by using dogs.



(continued from preceding page)
fresh deer track, Jerry would hunt a good stand himself and listen to the race. Two or three hard-working dogs are aplenty on a deer's trail.

Jerry took only two dogs with him on that scratchy trip. If they jumped a deer it would have set off a chain reaction of hurried trips to vantage points all over the area. The "stands" are not permanent if you have a vehicle handy and hear that the race is leaving you behind. The key to successful deer hunting once the dogs have jumped is knowing all of the likely places for a crossing and figuring from the sound of the dogs just where to go. This takes considerable gasoline and a little shoe leather and explains why many hunters stick to exactly the same areas year after year, even

though they hear of better hunting somewhere else. It takes a long time to learn the deer habits of several square miles of scrub.

Now, while we have Jerry busting brush toward the stands, let's look at another related hunting method that works very well with as few as three hunters.

One of them takes a hound on a leash and they spread out with the dog in the center. Constant signaling is necessary to keep close contact. If the dog scents a deer the man with the leash signals the fact to his partners and they get set. It's the time of day when a deer should be lying up and they hope to "jump" him within range. If there's shooting, it's a fast, close-range operation and shotguns with buckshot are favored for this situation. Short,

handy rifles are second choice and scope-sighted weapons are at a disadvantage here.

Perhaps we can break it down into a third method of hunting. This involves simply releasing hounds at various points and then camping on stands until the dogs hit a deer, it gets dark or you feel hungry. Going to sleep on a stand is considered poor form but happens oftener than you'd think.

None of this is simple for the dog owners. After dogs have trailed a deer over half of Florida and he has slipped through between the stands, finding the hounds requires great knowledge of the area, a top-grade crystal ball, considerable stamina and the ability to think like a tired dog.

Now, while Jerry Pay was clawing

his way through the brush, they drove me to the Stump Stand.

"You can tell by listening to the dogs," Wimpy said. "Sometimes the deer will cross down there by that low place and all you have to do is run down the road to that old dead tree and jump up on that log and bust him. Sometimes he will come out right in front of you here and you let him have it. Sometimes he will run around the edge of that little lake we passed back there and you just run over there and knock him down from across the lake."

I absorbed these instructions with care and secretly hoped the damned deer crossed somewhere else. I figured missing a big buck would not endear me to any of these guys and I estimated my chances of being in the right spot were about one in 50. I looked down at my boots and they bore no resemblance to track shoes. Once as a callow youth I tried to do a little cross-country running. As I recall it, two friends brought me in.

I watched Wimpy Steerman and Ted Windhorst go bouncing on down the sand road to other stands and I was alone, feeling a little like the kid with his finger in the dike.

Half an hour later I heard a hound give out a couple of tentative yelps and I did a warmup. I galloped down the road to the dead tree, jumped on it and then did a sprint for the lake. It was a long shot across that pond for a guy who is out of wind and I questioned my ability to hit a bull elephant at that distance, let alone a bouncing whitetail buck.

I got back to the spot they'd left me and by this time the hound was sounding pretty excited. Even I knew he had jumped a deer. I contemplated doing another warmup run but I was already tired. I checked my scope-sighted rifle and wished I had two more guns. If the deer jumped right out in front of me, a shotgun would be ideal but I'd never find him in my scope. If he passed down by the dead tree he'd be running in the brush and I'd need a gun that pushed a slow bullet which would penetrate the foliage. If he went around the lake, I had



Some deer hunters hunt dogs more than bucks. This pen is used for lost dogs during the deer season.

just the outfit for him—a .243 Winchester with a 4-power scope. However, in that case, I'd need somebody to do the shooting.

SHE went around the lake but I never saw *HER*.

The hound came closer and suddenly there was a mighty smashing in the brush 30 yards in front of me. I got set and the racket subsided. Then I heard it again and things quieted down. Then I heard the hound bay right in front of me. I figured that unless the deer was chasing the dog I was in the wrong place so I headed for the lake. I hadn't been at the lake long when the dog appeared on the other side, moving pretty slowly, baying now and then. The deer had pulled an end run after faking to center.

T. J. Bilderback and Jerry Pay saw the doe taking off for other parts of Florida. They caught the dog by some deer hunting legerdemain they didn't teach me.

My frantic patrolling reminds me of a story Jerry Pay told me that evening after I was full of Wimpy's ham and biscuits.

"I could see this buck taking off across a little pond," Jerry said, "and I wanted to get out of the brush so

I could shoot so I tried to run through a bunch of vines. They bounced me back on the seat of my pants so I tried again and landed on the seat of my pants again. It was the third try before I busted through but, when I did, I shot the deer."

Jerry must have looked like a frustrated fullback.

A deer race isn't as speedy as you'd think. Good deer hounds aren't particularly fast moving. Northern sportsmen who get the impression that dogs regularly catch exhausted deer are completely wrong. A healthy deer can travel a pack of dogs into exhaustion. In the occasional case where a deer is pulled down by dogs, the victim has probably been run consecutively by several groups of dogs and, finally, a fresh pack gets him after he's tired.

Some hunting pressure is necessary for forest deer hunting. Unless the game is forced to move a little, dogs have a tough time. If in an area of plentiful browse, a whitetail may not stray enough from his bed to leave much scent.

Deer habits are changed when the season opens and hunters are on the

(continued on page 33)



THEIR BAFFLING MANEUVERS

While emotion urges the wild
thing to rise and fly,
wisdom often tells
it to lie still

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

I meant to stay motionless, feeling
sure the turkey had not yet seen me.
Suddenly he was gone.

THE WILD CREATURES of nature are equipped in more ways than one for the life they must lead. Each in his own way has sufficient strength and enough speed to cope with situations that they must meet. But they do not always depend on either of these qualities to save them from danger. Their best insurance against peril is the mental quality of craftiness. Instead of fighting danger or fleeing from it, they have developed evasiveness to the point of a fine art. Of course, despite their evasiveness, they do not always win. But their wary wisdom enables the species to survive. I have always been fascinated when a wild creature trusts to lurking delay instead of flight, to a shrewd avoidance of the obvious.

Once in the wildwoods, in level pineland country, I saw a wild gobbler coming toward me. He was feeding in a desultory fashion. I was sitting on a stump, and except for the great longleaf pines, the woods between us were bare of everything except short grass, with here and there a tiny bush of sweet myrtle, looking like boxwood.

As the turkey continued to feed and to approach after I first saw him, I felt sure that he had not yet seen me. I meant to try to remain motionless just to

see how close he would come to me. The sun was glinting on his regal iridescent plumage. He truly looked kingly. A sovereign strolling in his wildwood garden.

I know I did not move; but I must have taken my eyes off the great bird. At any rate, when I again looked for him, he was gone. I knew he had not flown, for I should have both seen him and heard him. I was equally sure that he had not run away. He was so huge, and the woods were so open that I surely could have seen him. Besides, with the light shining as it was, I knew that, even if he had run, I could see the sun glinting on that glorious plumage far away. Often, in the wilds, my attention has first been attracted to wild turkeys by the playing of glimmering lights on their plumage.

In vanishing so suddenly, this gobbler had achieved the apparently impossible. There was about it something so uncanny that it appeared almost to verge on the supernatural. My only explanation was that the great bird had stepped behind one of the massive pines; that, having made me out, he was lurking there unseen.

Here it should be said that the eyesight of a wild turkey is far superior to that of a deer. If you move, a deer will detect the movement; but a wild turkey will detect your presence even if you remain motionless. In other words, he has the power of recognition. While I remained motionless, and with the wind blowing from him to me, I have had a buck walk within a few paces of me. No wild turkey will ever do that unless you are completely hidden.

Unable to account for the disappearance of my wildwood friend, I got up from my stump and walked slowly forward, scanning the open woods ahead of me.

Not a sign of a turkey could I see. Surely my eyes had not deceived me.

When I was within about ten steps of one of the low dense myrtle bushes, it exploded. The noble bird, after he had identified me, had squatted under that bush, flattening himself to the ground; nor did he move until I had come almost close enough to catch him. When he saw that I was upon him, he dashed out, and then launched himself into noble flight. I might add that a heavy gobbler cannot rise from the ground unless, like a plane, he gets a start by taxiing. On the other hand, I have often seen a hen turkey rise without any little preliminary run. And the gobbler, of the two, is always the more reluctant to take flight. If a thicket is near, he will dodge into that in preference to taking the air. But in the case I have mentioned, there was no hiding place but that little myrtle bush.

What he did was, I believe, a good example of wildwood strategy. Sensing danger, he rejected the obvious methods of escape by running or flying. He hid his massive bulk under a tiny bush; and he stayed right there until I got so close that he decided that it was time to move.

Once on a golden autumn morning I was standing with my Negro foreman in the pinelands. He is quite matchless as a woodsman, as good as an Indian of the old days. Before us was a dense bay through which a deer drive was coming. On the still and balmy air the clamor of hounds and of drivers was momentarily increas-

ing. Suddenly Prince, my foreman, and I, saw a regal buck emerge from the dense thicket ahead of us. Rather deliberately he walked out into the open woods, where he came to a stand, facing us. We were about 150 yards from him; our backs against two pines. We were standing close together. Whatever air was stirring was from the deer to us. He could not wind us; and as we intended to remain motionless, he would not see us.

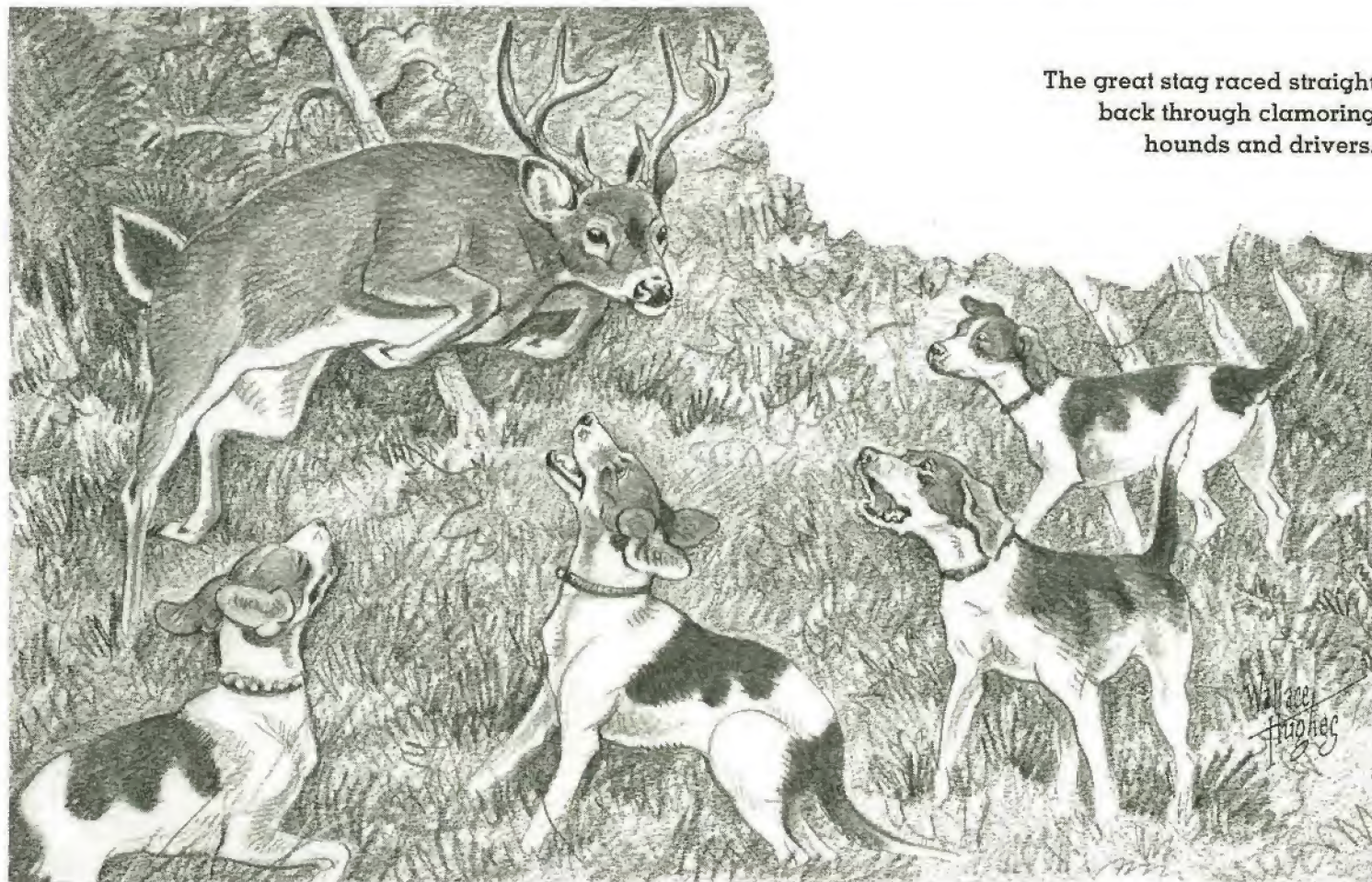
Behind him all the while the clangor kept increasing. The hounds were on his trail, and were coming fast. Yet there he stood, now and then turning his grand head to listen to the increasing uproar behind him. With all that tumult forcing him forward, he stood calculatingly still.

Without moving, I whispered to my foreman, "Prince, why is he standing there like that? Why doesn't he come on?"

"He's reading his book," the Negro said softly.

That old stag, with a wild hurricane of hunting at his very heels, stood there deliberating,—“reading his book,” mapping his elusive strategy. Before him lay thousands of acres of wild forest, and his obvious course would be to race straight ahead. The speed of the hounds would not trouble him, for no hound living could possibly overtake him; moreover, a master at skulking, he could utterly bewilder the dogs by dodging. But he had in his mind a way of escape that was by no means the obvious way.

A mile behind him lay the great river, beyond
(continued on next page)



The great stag raced straight back through clamoring hounds and drivers.

(continued from preceding page)

which was the vast wilderness of the delta. There, he knew, was absolute safety for him.

Even as Prince and I watched in admiring amazement, the great stag turned, threw up the tall banner of his snowy tail, and raced straight back the way he had come; through clamoring hounds and shouting drivers he sped. I heard the dogs, after some confusion and delay, turn, and head for the river. But the buck must have reached there long before they did. I believe that by the time the pack came to the river bank, the buck was safely in the deep marshy wilds, into the sanctuary of which no hound could follow him far.

"Well, Prince," I said, "he surely read his book."

"And he done find the answer," Prince replied.

Here, you see, was a case of subtle strategy, and a decision made even while peril was imminent. That buck *thought* his way out of danger; and that way of escape is, I believe, the one most commonly used by wild creatures to deliver themselves from death.

Any wild thing will fight desperately if it is cornered, or if it thinks it is cornered. But it will not do this if it has the least chance warily to evade threatening danger. In my long life of wandering in the wilds, it has been my experience that fighting is almost always associated with the rivalry incident to mating. Savage combats, occasionally fatal, take place between jealous bucks, wild gobblers, elk, moose, and practically every male creature of the wilds. It is amusing to watch how indifferent to all this warfare are the females,—the real cause of all the trouble. I have watched does of the whitetail deer placidly feeding while rival bucks were engaged in desperate combat near them; for their sake and favor; have even seen a doe turn her back on the sight of such an encounter, and nonchalantly stroll away, as if utterly bored by the whole proceeding.

Wild creatures fight if they are, or believe they are, cornered; the males battle in the mating season; and mothers savagely defend their young. But they never murder, commit suicide, or go to war. When Tennyson says, "Nature is red in tooth and claw," his statement is too general. The vast majority of wild things live at peace. His declaration would apply only to predators, and these are in the minority.

Once in the wild mountains of southern Pennsylvania, on a day in late November, with snow on the ground, I saw a ruffed grouse, by a sudden and desperate maneuver, escape a duck hawk, comparable to the implacably swift and savage peregrine falcon of falconry. In sheer speed I believe this bird to be superior to the grouse, that tawny prince of the woodland.

I was walking quietly up a little hill in the lonely wilds when, a hundred yards ahead of me, I saw a grouse on a dogwood tree, feeding on the few late berries that were clinging there. At almost the same instant I *heard* something coming. This was the duck hawk. Probably circling in the blue, or watching from some lookout in a tall tree, he had seen and identified



The old mallard drake taught me something new in the art of subtle maneuvering.

the grouse. Instantly he sped toward his intended prey with almost incredible speed. I stopped to see what would happen. Knowing the grouse, I was not sure the falcon would seize his prey.

The moment the grouse saw his would-be killer coming, he tore out of the dogwood tree. About fifty yards ahead was a medium-sized but very dense hemlock tree. I supposed that he would dodge behind the hemlock, putting it between himself and his pursuer. Such would be standard strategy with a grouse. But his fierce pursuer was so close on him that he did the least obvious thing. He dashed from his perch on the almost bare dogwood, on which still hung only a few leaves of tattered gold, and sped *through* the dense hemlock. I could see the hole he made, and the little green twigs and leaves that he had broken off in his wary dash for safety. The duck hawk, sure of his quarry, saw it suddenly vanish. Baffled, he flared high over the trees; he circled swiftly, his keen eyes searching for his prey. But by then the grouse had gained the inviolate sanctuary of a rhododendron thicket. By a swift and daring maneuver, conceived and executed with no time given for planning, he had outwitted and had escaped one of the strongest and swiftest of all predatory harriers.

Once while paddling up the edge of the Santee River, an edge deeply fringed with marsh, I had an experience with an old mallard drake. He taught me something new in the art of subtle maneuvering. It was warm and still; it was floodtide; and I was paddling silently, close to the edge of the marsh. Here and there were little bays in the marsh, brimming with perfectly open water. As my canoe glided past one of these, I saw an old mallard drake, placidly sitting in the very middle of one of these open places. So noiseless had been my approach that he apparently did not suspect

my presence until I was right on him. Then he did a thing that amazed me.

You would naturally suppose that with the sudden appearance of the canoe, not more than twenty feet away, he would have scuttled into the marsh, or, more likely, would have taken instant flight. But in a flash of intuition he decided that either one of these methods of escape would be too obvious. He chose one that was entirely original to me. He managed to tread water in some way so that he swiftly sank, thus concealing himself, leaving only his bill showing. When his performance, which took but a few seconds, was completed, there was, as I have said, nothing left showing but his bill, which looked like a harmless piece of dead marsh. Wisely and warily and originally he had met a sudden crisis, and had evaded it as I had never seen an equal crisis evaded before.

I have told of how the ruffed grouse escaped the duck hawk. I have witnessed a different kind of escape from the same predator. The duck hawk had flushed the Wilson snipe from a wild marsh that once had been a great rice field. When both were clear of the marsh and the bushes growing along the old banks, I was afforded a vivid view of the whole performance. There was no question but that this was an attempted escape by speed. But to the speed was added as fine a display of crafty dodging as I have ever seen. The falcon was the swifter of the two; but as I watched this mad pursuit, it seemed to me that the duck hawk rather proudly disdained to follow each dodge of the snipe. He appeared to be depending on his memorable speed alone, but that was not enough. The snipe knew a trick worth two of that. At last the falcon haughtily gave up the pursuit, as if the whole affair were beneath his dignity, and the snipe returned to the marsh, alighting almost from the very spot from which he had just sped away from the grim harrier.

On one occasion I posted an amateur deer-hunter at

a stand in the wildwoods beside what was left of an old fence. There was nothing there but a few posts and a single strand of wire, about three feet off the ground. I stood near enough to my friend to see anything that might happen; and my chance to see was increased by the openness of the woods.

I studied my friend's stance with some misgiving. He seemed nervously rigid, and, if the term may be used, he appeared ready to perform mathematically. A real hunter should be wary, supple, and ready for any unexpected behavior on the part of wild game.

After a little while the drive began to come in our direction. Stealing well out ahead of the hunt I saw a most beautiful 10-point buck coming to cross the fence just to the left of where my friend was standing. I saw him put up his gun. As the buck was in the open woods ahead of him, this was a dangerous maneuver to make just at that time, for the buck might easily have seen the movement. However, he apparently did not. The hunter leveled his gun horizontally, aiming, as he thought, for the space above the wire that would soon be filled by the body of the buck as he jumped the single strand of wire. If he followed his present course, he would cross the fence at just about thirty yards to the left of the stander—a perfect chance for a sure shot. But as the lithe but heavy buck approached, I had misgivings about the rigid stance of my friend. The words of an old backwoods hunter came back to me, "To kill a buck you have to be faster and trickier than he is." My man did not give the appearance of being either fast or tricky.

Something (perhaps it was the clamor of the drive behind him) speeded up this old master, and he came toward the ruined fence in long leaps. He was getting out of that place. It was quite evident that my friend intended to shoot just as the buck jumped the low wire.

The critical moment came. My friend shot both barrels above the fence and along the line of it. But the buck chose not to jump. He swiftly ducked under

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A rabbit will often "sit tight" until a man walking near has passed on by.



THE ABC's of SQUIRREL HUNTING

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

THE TIME-HONORED SPORT of squirrel hunting has altered little through the years. Basically, it is the same simple, but challenging sport that our grandfathers once enjoyed. There have been a few minor refinements added such as scope-sighted rifles and commercial calls, but the ancient methods which my father taught me years ago still are tops for outwitting the crafty bushytail.

Yet, surprisingly, there are many people who don't know how to hunt squirrels properly. An average hunter will spend days, perhaps even weeks, to get a shot at a wily grandpa turkey gobbler or a trophy buck deer, but he expects to wander haphazardly into the woods and finish out his squirrel limit before noon. Many persons simply haven't taken the time to learn the rudiments of the sport.

Take calling, for example. The squirrel is one of the easiest of all wild animals to call. It is a sucker for a squirrel-barking call. Even when the call fails to lure one of the arboreal animals close, it often prompts it to bark in reply and thereby betray its whereabouts.

When you've got a squirrel's location pinpointed half the preliminaries are completed.

My pet call is a thin rubber bulb, about as big around as your thumb, with a perforated diaphragm covering the open end. This model is manufactured by the Burnham Brothers of Marble Falls, Texas, and is manipulated by cupping it in one hand and tapping the bulb with the index finger of the other. This forces short pumps of air through the diaphragm, simulating a series of squirrel barks.

Calling squirrels is nothing new, yet it is a good squirrel-hunting trick which hunters often ignore. Sometimes when sitting quietly on a stand the hunter can fool a curious squirrel into showing itself simply



Commission Photo by Wallace Hughes

Gray squirrels prefer the dense broad-leaf forests and cypress swamps.

**This simple, but
challenging sport is well
known — but
surely not known well**

by scratching on the butt plate of his rifle or in dry leaves on the woods floor.

Why a squirrel is attracted to the call, I am not sure. Curiosity, perhaps. Squirrels might even have some form of secret communication wrapped up in these incessant barks. One thing I do know . . . it works like magic.

Work the call for a few brief moments, then pause and look about intently. Use it sparingly. Often a bushytail will come scurrying down out of a tree without answering; other times one will perch on a limb and fuss at whatever is causing the commotion. In either instance it will be setting itself up for the hunter.

I like to wear camouflage clothing when squirrel

The longer the hunter can sit patiently in one spot, the better his chances for success. Camouflaged clothing helps.

hunting. It blends me right in neatly with the background. In the past I have crouched out in the open, rock still with only the camouflage clothing hiding me, and called squirrels within easy gunshot range.

The initial requisite of squirrel hunting, naturally, is to be working in good squirrel habitat. Two species of squirrels, gray or cat squirrel and fox squirrel, are widely distributed throughout Florida. Gray squirrels prefer the dense broad-leaf forests and cypress swamps while fox squirrels are found predominantly in the open pine woods. Both species usually construct nests of twigs and leaves in the branches of trees and a hunter can get some inkling as to the population of any particular area by noticing the number of these telltale nests.

Squirrel hunting is a game of patience. The sure-fire method of outfoxing squirrels is to move quietly into the woods, locate a concealed stand and simply wait until the squirrels show. Best time for hunting is early morning. Activity subsides toward the heat of the day, picks up somewhat later in the afternoon, then tapers off to practically nothing by sundown. Unlike most wild creatures the squirrel is strictly a daylight prowler.

The longer the hunter can sit patiently in one spot, the better are his chances of success. Even when calling get settled and wait at least fifteen minutes before attempting to call. This gives the alert critters time to forget your entrance. Once things have quietened down, they will start cavorting about again. Frequently, the hunter can remain hidden and motionless once he has bagged a squirrel and get several from the same stand.

If you are short on patience, such as I, and can't



remain in one spot more than an hour at the most, then still-hunt between stands, taking one step and standing still two. Move until your blood starts circulating and find another stand. Occasionally, you can nail one while moving at a snail's pace through the woods.

Should you corner an elusive squirrel in an isolated tree and it seemingly vanishes into thin air, there are several ways to trick it into revealing itself. A squirrel's front-line defense is its ability to flatten itself on a limb and anticipate the hunter's move, circling with the hunter to keep a limb between the two.

One gimmick is to find a nearby concealed stand and sit down silently until the squirrel starts moving. The drawback to this is that the wait is apt to be drawn-out. A spooked squirrel will remain hidden for a long time before it moves.

Another is to drape your coat or hat over a closeby bush or sapling and start it swinging. Then, ever so slowly, catfoot to the opposite side of the tree. The moving coat will hold the squirrel's attention since its eyes, like most wild game, are adapted to movement. The idea is to time your movements evenly and slowly so that the squirrel's attention will not be drawn from the swinging coat.

Still another is to stand on one side of the tree and toss a handful of rocks or twigs to the yonder side. The thrown object should be large enough to cause a noticeable ruckus. The squirrel will retreat from the noise, sidling around right into your line of fire. Often a few taps on the squirrel call will bring it into the open.

A trained squirrel dog or a hunting companion
(continued on page 39)



Commission Photo by Jake Johnson

Florida fox squirrels are found mostly in the open pine woods.

IT'S

Whatever
your game — it's
fun to fool them;
the right call
will do it



Get the best calls you can find, and practice with them until you can call without any false, give-away notes.

CURRENTLY, THERE IS tremendous national interest in wild game calling. Sportsmen are fast learning that something more than firepower, as embodied in our modern fast-firing guns, is needed to fill game bags, and that some of our so-called "dumb animals" not only have high I.Q.'s, but heretofore unrecognized bands of audio reception.

Assuredly, many animals hear high sound frequencies inaudible to human ears. The "silent" dog whistle utilizes this working principle. Likewise, some sounds we hear in the low tone range cannot be heard by certain animal and bird species.

Naturalists made such interesting discovery a few years ago when their field tests showed grouse can safely drum at night, when owls and other predators are active, because the resulting sound is pitched too low for easy hearing by enemies.

The naturalists also learned that certain high-pitched sound waves

may be cruelly punishing to an animal unable to escape the source. This seems logical when one considers that high frequency sound waves are now being used to break down and/or carve the hardest of substances.

Such findings and comparisons open many new channels for individual thinking on the relationship of sound waves and communication between "dumb animals." We are suddenly aware that a seemingly

quiet wilderness area may well be a noisy place to ears capable of hearing sounds inaudible to human ears, and that animals can logically possess means of communication outside human ear tonal range of hearing.

Sportsmen and wildlife photographers are finding that calling game with some of the newly developed commercial calls can be a most interesting and productive experience. Predator calling seems to have a particular appeal to patrons of the "art."

Florida's game law code prohibits



Even foxes can be fooled by skillful calling. This one was startled into immobility by flash bulb, after being enticed into close range.

FUN TO FOOL 'EM

By EDMUND McLAURIN

hunting at night with light and gun. But there is no restriction against netting, lassoing or otherwise bagging coon, foxes, bobcats and other animals of the varmint class, once you've called them to the scene. For information about how, where and what you can hunt at night, consult your local Wildlife Officer.

When calling varmints at night, do not keep a light burning continuously nor search for eyes with the strongest portion of a spotlight's beam. Instead, turn the light on and off at intervals, and direct it upward at a sharp angle so any approaching animal is not picked up in intense glare but is seen in the outer circle of the light's beam.

The varmint hunter should keep in mind that his very act of calling lets game know exactly where he is. Consequently, he should take every advantage of camouflage and remain as motionless as possible. Low bushes should be used as partially concealing cover, and human scent minimized with commercial scents or concentrated, unadulterated pine oil.

Probably easiest of the night-time predators to decoy is the raccoon. Once an animal is started in the direction of the caller, he will usually keep coming. Besides commercial calls that growl like foraging coons, there are two or three models that attract by imitating the frantic cry of an injured and frightened sea gull. Such calls are represented by the Scotch Predator Call — a bellows-like affair that requires only shaking in the hand to create frightened sea gull clamor—and in certain of the Burnham and Weems products.

Bobcats likewise aren't too difficult to fool; their vulnerability stems from their natural curiosity, a strong factor in your favor.

Your primary problem is to detect the whiskered predators that come to investigate your calling, without being seen yourself. Usually a bobcat will approach only as close as the last bit of concealing cover, then settle down to study the situation unseen.

A bobcat spotted moving about the woods in daytime is likely seeking food or prowling out of sheer curiosity. Judicious calling and attendant patience will often bring the animal into killing range.

Any call that closely imitates the call of a rabbit or bird in agony will elicit feline interest if there are any cats within hearing.

If you are good at imitating birds, try the distress call of a meadow lark for quick predator response.

For fox calling, the Burnham, the Weems All-Call and the Scotch Predator Call have proven notably good performers. Factory tuning of the Weems and the Scotch models leave little room for error in tonal pitch; consequently, they often produce best for beginners.

For the gun hunter, restricted by law from hunting except during prescribed daylight hours, expertly used game calls can mean the difference between a full and varied game bag and an empty one. Many of Florida's most successful hunters rely on game calling or correctly interpreted woods' sounds when competing for their share of the annual game harvest.

Squirrel calls serve the primary
(continued on next page)



Turkey calling takes skill and patience. Capt. Reddin Brunson, of Destin, considered one of Florida's most expert, knows that the combination pays off.

(continued from preceding page)
purpose of encouraging squirrels to move about so the hunter can locate them. They are not intended—nor is there need—to bring the little animals close to the gun.

Best results will be had sitting or standing quietly in a grove where squirrels are known to feed and nest, and sounding one of the commercial calls at spaced intervals while remaining in one spot. Combine calling with a lot of looking! Shooting the bushytails with a .22 rifle is the sporting way to take them.

To anyone who has tried hard but has been repeatedly unsuccessful, effective duck calling, like turkey calling, is definitely in the category of envied artistic ability. Books could be — and have been — written on the subject. Any waterfowl hunter who can really fool his ducks never lacks for field trip companionship; seemingly, all his duck hunting friends want him along when they hunt.

Some of the present day duck callers are amazing performers in their particular field. There is considerable national rivalry as to just who is best. About the time you are reading these lines, the most talented performers will be competing for the world's duck calling title at Stuttgart, Arkansas.

If he could legally use it, taped and re-broadcast duck talk would undoubtedly give the average duck hunter best results. But electronic calling devices are now outlawed under U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service regulations applying to the hunting of waterfowl. Their banning came about as a result of their outstanding success; taped and re-broadcast sounds of feeding ducks and geese resulted in too many bulging gamebags and conflict with sound conservation practices.

Lacking a friend who just naturally knows how to call ducks close to waiting guns, your only recourse is to buy the best duck call



Deer calling was introduced to American sportsmen, back in 1947, by Art Carhart, who developed a modern plastic version of old Indian reed call.

you can find, then learn to use it.

There are many makes and models from which to choose. The Scotch, Lohman, Brown, Faulk, Olt, Dennison, Green Head and Hansen are just a few of the many to be had.

At one time or another, you will probably have an opportunity to decoy migrating Canadian geese within range of your gun, so you should own a good goose call, too.

But a goose call must be used sparingly! An occasional two-note call, ascending from a low guttural note and breaking and ending on a sharp, high note, is the laconic language that gets attention. Thereafter, repetition of the murmured feeding call will usually get results if decoys and blind appear natural to the high-flying passers-by.

When hunting waterfowl, care should be taken not to have or leave any bright or foreign objects in the vicinity of a prepared or already used blind. For example, an empty shotgun shell lying on the ground and reflecting sunlight has many times caused ducks to flare from an otherwise good duck hunting blind, while still out of shooting range. Shiny belt buckles, watch bands or rings often work in favor of game by



Brothers Murry and Winston Burnham are so adept at calling predators, they frequently entice animals close enough to flip a net over their head.

flashing warning signals. So far as possible, eliminate such hunting handicaps. Otherwise, even expert calling will go for naught.

Successful turkey calling and crow calling also take skill and the same attention to detail, beyond doubt.

The wrong note or notes will send the smart birds post-haste from the immediate vicinity. Get the best turkey and crow calls you can find, and practice with them until you can call without any false, give-away notes. Instruction records will reduce necessary learning time considerably.

Generally, mouth operated turkey calls permit a more versatile range of turkey-talk than those activated while handheld, but the former usually take longer to master.

Beginners often make the mistake of calling too much and using the wrong language. Whenever possible, get first hand information and assistance from someone with an enviable reputation as a successful turkey caller. Leon Johenning, of Lexington, Virginia, M. L. Lynch, of Birmingham, Alabama, and Tom

Any call that closely imitates call of a rabbit or bird in agony, will elicit feline interest if there are any bobcats within hearing.

Gaskins, of Palmdale, Florida, are nationally famous for their proficiency. If you should ever be in their neighborhoods, it will pay you to look them up. Meanwhile, you can use any of several available instruction records to become familiar with turkey-talk.

Popular models are those made by the named experts and by Pottorff, Lohman, Olt, Phillips and Warren . . . Ironically, the Florida-made Gaskins call has been so effective that several hunters using them have been shot at by other hunters! In Arizona, the Gaskin call is used to call mountain lions. . .

Right in your own home town there is probably at least one turkey calling expert who can show you how to make your own yelper from a turkey's wing-bone or from the combination of corn cob, piece of slate and wooden peg. For tips on turkey calling and callers used, look up "You Gotta Outsmart 'Em," an illustrated turkey-hunting feature of



the December 1957 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

Most readers readily recognize the "bob-white" voice of local quail. But many persons incorrectly associate the call with a lone bird trying to locate and rejoin his covey. Actually, the "bob-white" we hear is more often a male bird's mating call.

To successfully decoy quail, a hunter must truly know quail-talk. In an effort to analyze quail-talk in its most natural form, one Florida game-bird breeder whose hobby is quail hunting, has installed a sensitive microphone in one of his raising pens and a loudspeaker in his kitchen. Flipping a switch enables him to "listen in" at any time of the day.

When attempting to decoy quail, try a soft, wistful "whoi-lea," repeated at widely spaced intervals, rather than the more familiar "bob-white."

For gun hunters who encounter single birds and coveys so nervous they tend to flush well ahead of dog and gun, sounding a hawk call will make the birds hold fast longer than they would otherwise.

There are now several quail calls on the market. Olt makes one; so do Truetone and Game Calls, Inc.

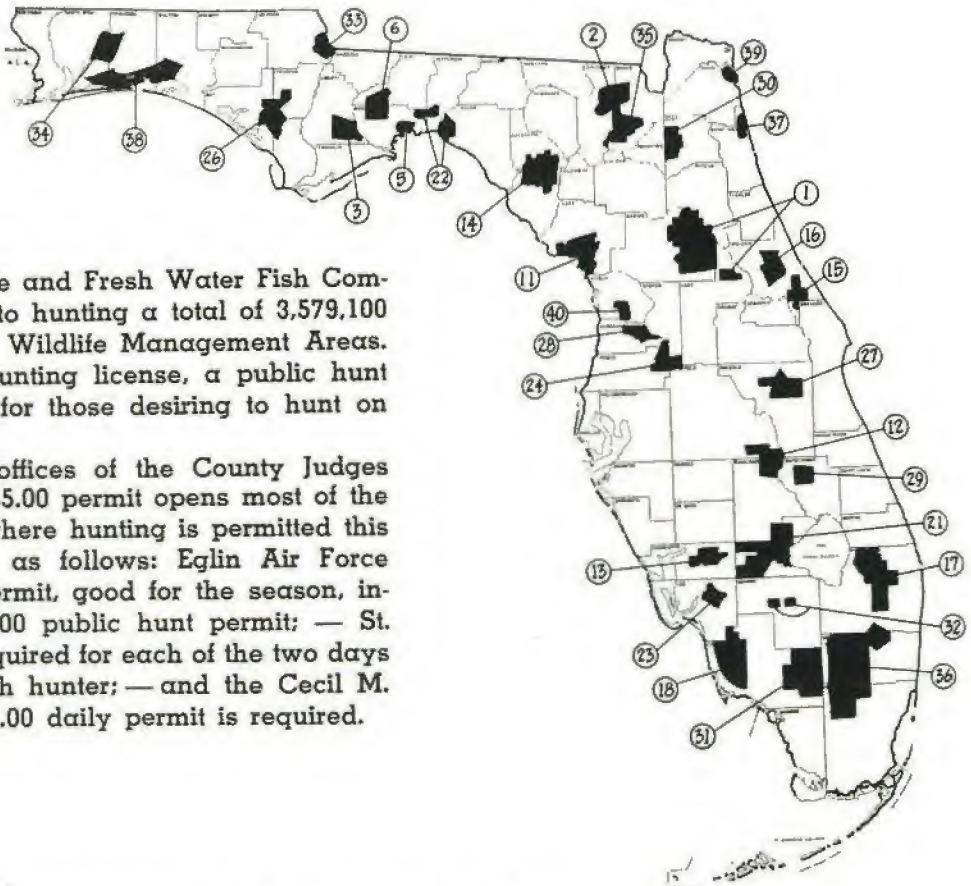
The snort, or "pffft," of a deer that has caught a whiff of suspicious scent and is sounding a warning is a familiar sound to wilderness hunters and campers.

Deer also communicate with each other by reflex action. A feeding deer raising its head to investigate a sound or test the wind for scent, will
(continued on page 40)



Commission Photo by Bill Hansen

Electronic hi-fi game callers cannot be used for the taking of migratory waterfowl, but are legal and effective for crow shooting.



This season the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will have open to hunting a total of 3,579,100 acres of land within the Wildlife Management Areas. In addition to regular hunting license, a public hunt area permit is required for those desiring to hunt on the Management Areas.

Available from the offices of the County Judges throughout Florida, the \$5.00 permit opens most of the 30 management areas where hunting is permitted this season. Exceptions are as follows: Eglin Air Force Base, \$4.00 Air Force Permit, good for the season, instead of the regular \$5.00 public hunt permit; — St. Marks, \$3.00 permit is required for each of the two days per season allowed each hunter; — and the Cecil M. Webb Area, where a \$5.00 daily permit is required.

Wildlife Management Areas

AREAS	LOCATION (Counties)	TOTAL ACRES OPEN	PRINCIPAL GAME SPECIES
Blackwater (34)	Santa Rosa & Okaloosa	85,000	Deer — Quail — Squirrel
Elgin Field (38)	Santa Rosa, Okaloosa & Walton	390,000	Deer — Quail — Wild Hogs
Roy S. Gaskin (26)	Calhoun, Bay & Gulf	118,300	Deer — Quail
Liberty (3)	Liberty	133,120	Deer — Bear
Apalachee (33)	Jackson	6,000	Ducks — Quail
Leon-Wakulla (6)	Wakulla & Leon	67,000	Deer
St. Marks (5)	Wakulla	3,000	Geese
Aucilla (22)	Jefferson, Taylor & Wakulla	110,000	Deer — Bear — Turkey — Squirrels — Ducks
Osceola (2)	Baker & Columbia	92,000	Deer — Bear
Steinhatchee (14)	Dixie & Lafayette	225,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Lake Butler (35)	Columbia, Baker & Union	95,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Camp Blanding (30)	Clay	56,000	Quail — Deer — Turkey — Wild Hogs
Gulf Hammock (11)	Levy	100,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel — Waterfowl
Ocala (1)	Marion	203,680	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Tomoka (16)	Volusia	100,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Citrus (40)	Citrus & Hernando	41,000	Deer
Croom (28)	Hernando	17,000	Deer — Quail — Squirrel
Richloam (24)	Hernando, Sumter & Pasco	60,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
Farmton (15)	Volusia	50,000	Deer — Turkey — Squirrel
Holopaw (27)	Osceola	22,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
Avon Park (12)	Highlands & Polk	108,000	Turkey — Quail
Okeechobee (29)	Okeechobee	16,000	Turkey — Quail
Cecil M. Webb (13)	Charlotte	57,000	Quail
Fisheating Creek (21)	Glades	100,000	Turkey — Quail — Squirrel
J. W. Corbett (17)	Palm Beach	90,000	Deer — Quail — Wild Hogs
Lee (23)	Lee	40,000	Deer — Turkey — Quail
Big Cypress (31)	Collier	133,000	Turkey — Deer
Collier (18)	Collier	300,000	Deer — Turkey
Everglades (36)	Palm Beach, Dade & Broward	720,000	Waterfowl — Deer — Wild Hogs
Devil's Garden (32)	Hendry	40,000	Turkey — Quail

AFTER THE HUNT— *What?*

By JIM FLOYD

Many hunters declare their
love for waterfowling,
but won't eat the game they
kill. Properly prepared
all game can be made into
prime table fare.



The wild duck has stirred the souls of hunters throughout history.
This same fowl, unless properly prepared, is often wasted.

MY MOTHER WAS RAISED on a Georgia farm as one of seven children. As was the custom in those days, girls began to learn the culinary arts for which the South is justly famous at a very young and tender age. Being the daughter of an ardent quail, turkey and deer hunter, in addition to being exposed to three hunting and fishing brothers, it is small wonder my mother and her sisters became not only adept but quite proficient in the art of preparing and cooking wild game.

In later years, having been wooed and won by a river boat man and transplanted from the farm lands of Georgia to the swamps and tidal deltas of Florida, it was with little or no surprise that the intervening years produced a son who was to show more inclinations toward hunting and fishing than the three R's of public education.

From the time I could first point a scatter gun and successfully operate a pair of oars, I began to drag across our portals a succession of muddy boots, clothes smelling of marsh, mud, and retrieving dogs, in addition to an assortment of wildfowl of which the coastal area near my home abounded.

This assortment of ducks, coot, marsh hen, and

shore birds was something never encountered on a Georgia farm, and attempt at preparing the fowl for the table generally turned into a dismal failure. In order to be fair and just, not all the blame must be placed on the kitchen chef, for this hunter contributed his share toward the dishonor of what was once splendid game birds.

With typical boy-like enthusiasm, I flatly refused to remove the entrails from any bird or fowl until I had quite properly delivered and displayed my trophy. During these early days as a young, but ardent duck hunter, I delivered to the dining table every conceivable species of duck from celery-filled canvas-back to fish-fattened mergansers, the majority of which ended either as food for an ever hungry water spaniel or on more frequent occasions in the garbage can.

As a devoted and admiring parent, my mother continued to prepare these ducks as I delivered them. It was perhaps through a process of evolution that I learned to identify ducks, becoming more selective in
(continued on next page)



A successful trip does not always make a successful meal. The wise hunter will start by preparing his birds in the field.

slows one can leave the blind, walk into the woods or pole around a point of the marsh and by removing a handful of tail feathers, make a quick slit with a knife and remove the bird's entrails easily with two fingers. Hanging the duck to enable a flow of fresh air to enter the cavity will do much to improve the finished product.

Another point in preparing a duck for the table is to know your duck. It has been my observation that no single method of preparation does justice to all species of wild fowl. To take this point a bit further, if you are seeking the ultimate, check your duck's gizzard to determine his diet. You might not be able to identify the contents but with a minimum of practice you will be able to tell if the main course was vegetation or fish. To prepare a muddy gadwall or baldpate using the same recipe and procedure you would for an acorn-fat mallard and expect them to taste identical is indeed a misconception of any cook's ability.

I once encountered an acquaintance of mine trying desperately to give away four plump ring-necked ducks. When I asked why, his reply of, "why these broad-bill are not fit for eating," brought forth not only a snort of disbelief but a short lesson in waterfowl identification, information in relation to the feeding habits of the ring-neck, and instructions for the gent to be on his way to pluck and prepare his birds. Weeks later, when

(continued from preceding page)

my bag, and preparing my birds for the table while still in the field. Chances are my mother compared kitchen notes with the mothers and mates of other wildfowlers. Perhaps it was an accumulation of all factors that these fowl gradually changed from garbage can contents to victuals that would delight the heart and stomach of any wildfowler.

Many sportsmen and duck hunters of my acquaintance declare they love to shoot waterfowl but don't give one hoot about eating them. Having witnessed the treatment some of the downed birds are submitted to, I could hardly blame these individuals. No man in his proper mental capacity would kill a barn yard chicken and leave it on top of the hen house or stuck in a shooting jacket for hours and on occasions from early morning until late at night, then expect it to be top table fare. However, these same men annually submit their game birds to equal or far worse treatment.

I have found over the years the quality of waterfowl improves considerably with the early removal of the entrails. Some hunters not only draw their birds but pick them while in the blind. No doubt, this is a good method to wile away the idle moments when ducks are inactive; however, I never cared for the system due to the accumulated mess in the blind or boat, and have always been of the opinion that a cloud of feathers floating among the decoys did little to attract wary waterfowl. When the morning shooting



A veteran hunter will make the feathers fly as he field dresses the results from a morning hunt.

chance seated us together at a coffee shop table, his profound declaration as to the quality of those ring-neck left me not even remotely surprised.

There are many good recipes for cooking waterfowl; they can be found in cook books of every description, books designed by novice and professional, chefs of renown and housewives. However, these books have one thing in common; the majority of such recipes are concerned with the cooking of ducks such as corn-fat mallards, celery-stuffed canvasback, or acorn-fed blacks.

It was, as the result of an unsuccessful goose hunt, that I first became exposed to an astounding method of preparing those waterfowl that you generally try to pawn off on neighbors you do not particularly care for.

A miserable, but memorable, goose hunt several years ago with genial sportsman and outdoor writer, Morris Shaw, produced no geese but did provide a brace of plump mergansers. Upon observing my friend's fingers busily plucking the plumage from these fat fish eaters, I naturally inquired why. "I'm gonna eat the critters, that's why," was his prompt reply. My disbelief at this singular circumstance brought an invitation to dinner. The following week in reply to the invitation, I strongly suspected Morris and his charming wife of some pre-arranged skull-duggery. It took much prompting and the promise of a newly acquired duck call to inveigle Morris to bring forth a recipe that I have since used on countless blue-bills, buffle heads, gadwall and similar ducks.

According to the recipe as I received it from Morris, you must first skin your duck, remove the breasts and legs discarding the balance of the carcass. In addition to the duck, you will need vinegar, beer, onion, bay leaves, pickling spices and whatever else you might have in the spice cabinet; salt, pepper, flour, sugar, and

Pint Russ, patriarch guide and duck hunter, has developed an uncanny ability in his method of hunting and cooking wild fowl.



Big Bill Tolbert prepares a brace of mallards on the Cook-N-Kettle to create a waterfowl dinner supreme.

bacon drippings. First combine the vinegar, beer, onion, spices, salt, and pepper in a large earthenware jar, (I use the wife's cookie jar or bean pot). Add the duck, cover and let stand in the refrigerator one to two days, turning the meat several times. Dry the duck pieces, then dip in flour. Melt drippings in a large skillet, add the duck and brown on all sides. Pour off the drippings, strain the marinade, add a bit of sugar, and pour it over the duck. Bring the liquid to a boil, reduce the heat, cover and let simmer for 30 minutes or until tender. As a final step, thicken the liquid with flour and serve. In order to achieve the ultimate, this dish should be served with potato dump-lings, and sauer-kraut.

I have used this recipe on marsh hen, rabbits, and even old squirrels with equal success. Along with Morris and a host of other sportsmen, I also am a strong believer in the old maxim, (if you are not gonna eat it—don't kill it).

A mallard shot on a country pond with a gizzard full of live oak acorns, smart weed, and millett, will vary considerably in taste from the same species frequenting the tidal marshes with a diet of widgeon

(continued on page 38)



They're

My remarks may sound narrowminded
and your readers might
get mad, but this is one hunting
season I plan to stay home

By LOU MUSSLER

Bill Hansen, Editor,
FLORIDA WILDLIFE,
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA
Dear Bill:

I'm not going hunting this year. Frankly, I'm scared to. Maybe you'll conclude I have a yellow streak, and you'll be absolutely right. You see Bill, I figger after more than 35 years of successful bullet-dodging I've had it. The law of averages might catch up with me. And, since I'd like to stick around these green pastures a few more years I don't hanker for some damn fool to put the whammy on me through careless use of his fire-stick.

Some of your readers will prob-

ably take a dim view of what I have to say. Good!! I hope my words slap them across their faces like a bag full of wet ice. I want them to get mad. The madder the better. Because by making them mad enough I might make them a little more conscious of the desperate need for better training in the safe handling of firearms.

Since 1952 we've been averaging 2,200 *accidental fire-arms fatalities* annually. Add to that some 12,000 *accidental firearms non-fatalities* each year. These figures do not include suicides or *intentional* homi-

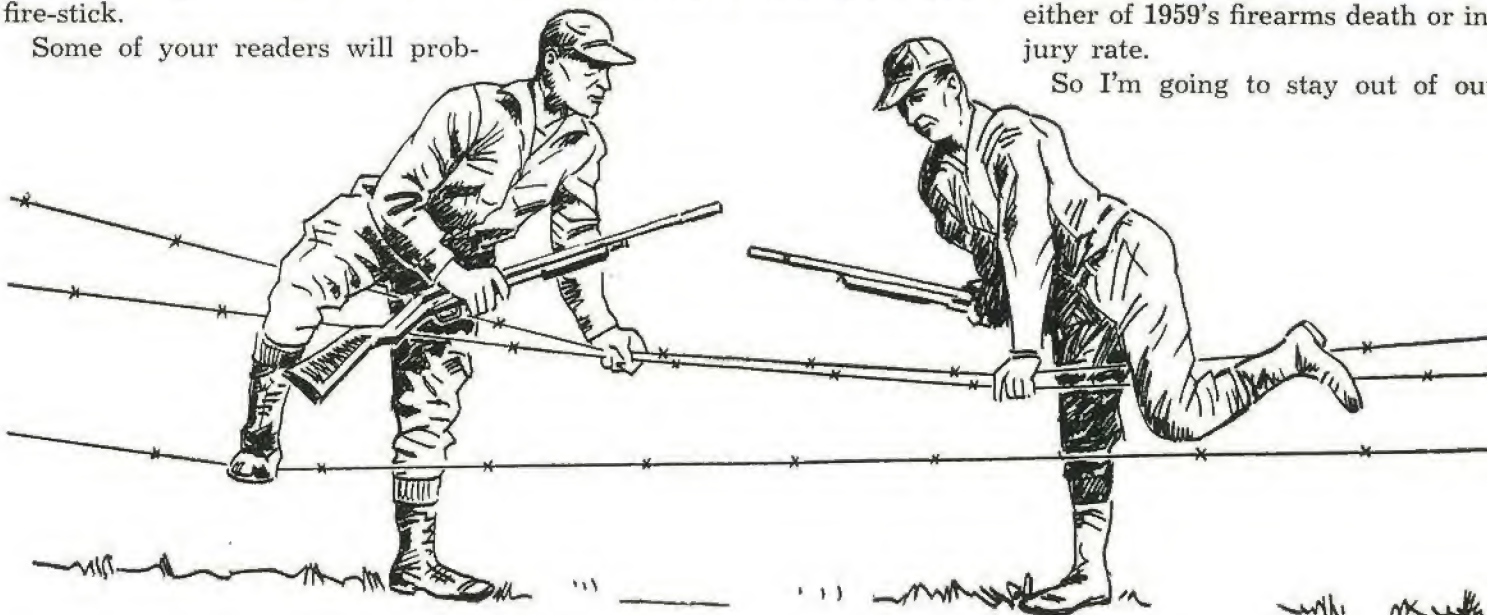
cides. Not all these fatalities or injuries are in the hunting column. Enough, however, to impress me.

So much for statistics. Nobody pays much attention to them anyhow. Except the National Safety Council, Bureau of Vital Statistics, the hospitals, and the undertakers.

We don't need any more legislation. We have enough as it is. And you can't legislate control of stupidity. A circuit-court judge, an ardent hunter and a good friend of mine, tells me that stupidity is not just cause to commit a person to the nut-house. He added, though, that he sometimes wished it was.

The people *accidentally* killed by firearms are *very* dead. Persons *accidentally* injured were *very* injured. We'll wind up this year with a slightly higher killed and injured rate. So what? *So this*: This cookie doesn't intend to be included in either of 1959's firearms death or injury rate.

So I'm going to stay out of our



All Jerks!!

wonderful fields and forests during the hunting season. What's more I'm not going to visit anyone unless I first telephone and ask them to be sure their guns are securely locked in the cabinet; also, that junior or *senior* isn't running around loose with a couple of handguns strapped to his midriff practicing the TV-western fast-draw on me.

I might go to a turkey shoot, or two. Even so I'm going to case the shoot from about 200 yards with my nine-power glasses to make sure it's properly supervised.

By now you probably get the idea I'm pretty scared to be around when someone else is handling a weapon. You're right, Bill, I am scared. I'm not scared of the guys and gals properly trained in safe gun handling. I'm not scared of the guys and gals who are just as scared as me. It's them other jerks I'm afraid of. And don't tell me they're not around—they must be—at least 16,000 of them. And how about the many thousands more *not* included in the statistical evidence; the thousands more who triggered a miss, or the thousands who shoved a muzzle in your face just scaring the hell out of you?

Guns don't kill people, Bill. It's

people who kill people. Fools with guns. Fools not having one ounce of common sense nor the desire to grasp the fundamentals of gun safety.

Lest I be accused of ignorance in weapons safety, let me say for the record: 10 years as a small arms instructor in the infantry Weapons school at Ft. Benning. I was in on the Big Payoff in the ETO. I know what it is to shoot *at* and to be shot *at*.

I know the sickening sound, the *thunk* of a small caliber projectile hitting the human body. Too often have I been witness to the bloody mess it leaves. It isn't a nice clean hole in the shirt as portrayed on the TV screen. It goes into the body with a searing, ripping, tearing force. When it hits a bone and is deflected it instantly winds the insides into a gory mass and leaves the body with a gaping hole big enough to shove your fist through.

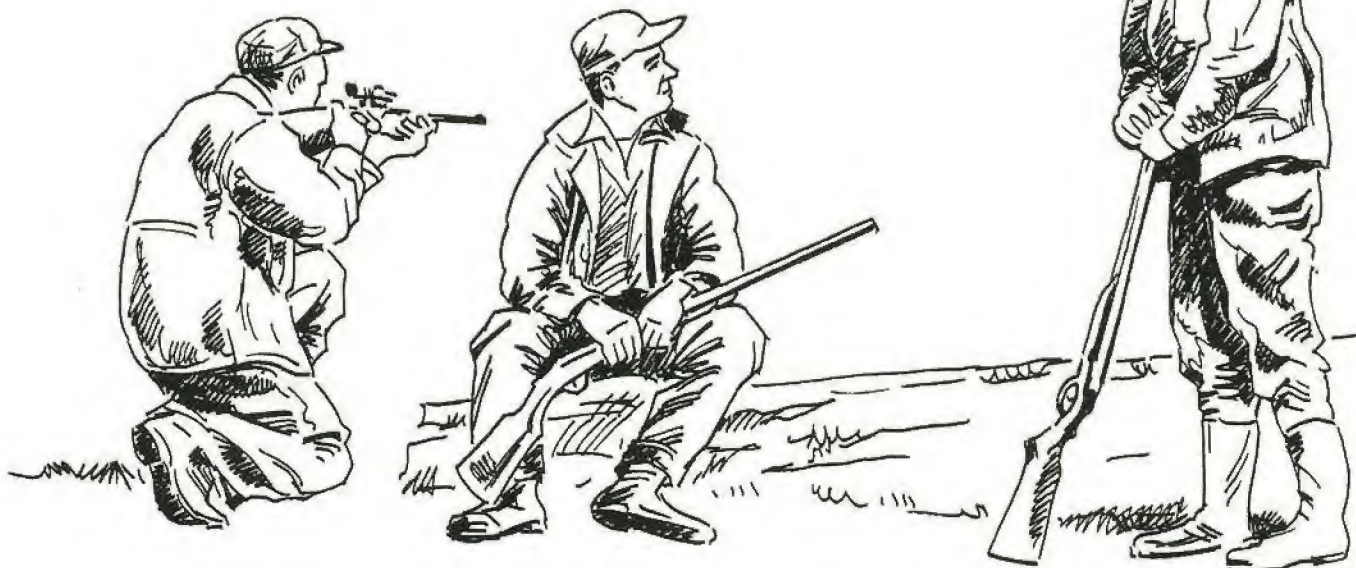
I have hunted small and reasonably large game. I have hunted with the best companions a guy could want; but unfortunately have hunted with the worst. But only once, Bill, only once. The latter category gives me the shakes. It should give the shakes to all decent safety-conscious sportsmen. It's these jerks

who cause the biggest headaches—and the biggest heartaches.

The National Rifle Association, Gun Clubs, newspapers, wildlife and sportsmens magazines, radio and TV outdoors reporters continually plead the cause of firearms safety. They make all sorts of educational courses available, conduct small arms safety training programs. Reams of literature on gun safety are handed out. All this is aimed at the core of the problem: To reduce firearms accidents. They do this in a nice way. Too nice. I suppose their reasoning is that sugar attracts more flies than vinegar.

However, certain facts are obvious. Despite efforts of these sound programs, firearms accidents mount. Why? I think it's because of the failure to show up these accident-happy simpletons for what they are: Jerks.

How do these screwballs get started? That's hard to say, Bill. But here's something that even the small-arms manufacturer is beginning to worry about: This TV-western fast-draw craze seemingly has stirred the imaginations of millions. Meek milquetoasts across the nation are
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aping the Matt Dillons, the Paladins, and the rest of the TV ilk.

Handgun manufacturers report phenomenal sales. This is good, but now, privately, they're lamenting the fact they overlooked selling weapons safety along with the gun.

I have nothing against anyone being bitten with this fast-draw bug. Providing he follows proper safety practices. And, providing fast-draw live firing is done under responsible Club supervision and on approved ranges. Too often it is not. I cite this following example.

A couple of months ago I visited a now former friend. I knocked on the door and his wife told me he was in the TV room, to go right in. I expected him to be seated comfortably in an easy chair watching his favorite program. As I opened the door I was greeted by this jackass making a fast-draw to my midsection. (An allegedly intelligent person.)

"Don't point that gun at me, you damned idiot," I yelled.

"Aw, it ain't loaded," he sheepishly said. He then handed me the gun muzzle first. I brushed the muzzle aside and took the gun. I checked the piece. It was locked, fortunately. But on closer examination I found the chambers contained six unfired .22 long rifle cartridges.

"Ain't loaded, eh. What the hell are these, jewelry charms?" I asked. I was mad enough to have thrown the gun in his face. I should have,

instead I gave him a scorching lecture on gun safety. Then I told him to see a headshrinker, and walked out.

The following morning I picked up the paper and read where another fast-draw creep had plugged his wife. An accident, he told police. These are not isolated cases. They're happening every day. And the sooner everyone concerned takes positive action to educate these full-grown potential killers, the better it will be for all of us.

"I didn't know it was loaded." Each time I read of a gun accident and this alibi is quoted, I want to throw-up. Either a gun is loaded, or it isn't. And the only safe way to find out is to examine it with the finger off the trigger, with the muzzle pointed in a safe direction.

"Joe Blow, injured (or killed) while cleaning his gun." So goes the news item. Another alibi to make you heave. But then we must admit it is quite a novel way to clean a weapon: Cartridge in chamber, gun cocked, safety off, finger on trigger. And here's where I risk the wrath of the law enforcement agencies, Bill. Isn't it a strange paradox that officers of the law seem to have an edge in this "accidental" category?

These loaded guns in the home. Why loaded? What for? Burglars? Intruders? Peeping Toms? Show me ten proven cases in the last year where these criminals were intercepted, shot or scared away and I'll

be convinced. A loaded weapon in the home may give the owner a certain sense of security. More often it is the cause of greater grief within the family itself. Kids finding it, usually, and bang! Another statistic.

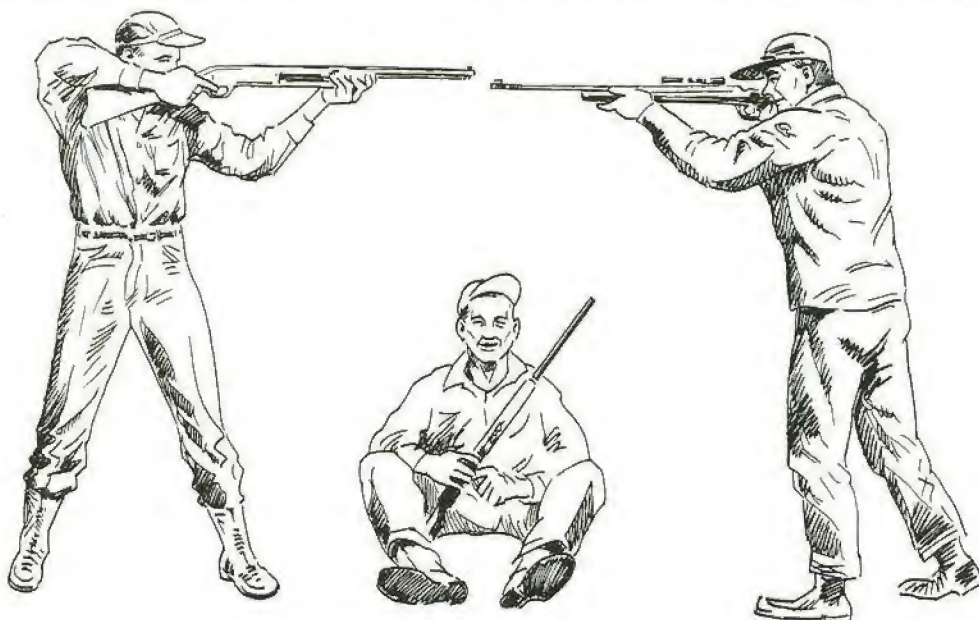
Several years ago a friend and I went deer hunting. Although I saw a couple of bucks I couldn't get off a good shot. I went skunked. Not so my friend. On the last day of the hunt he made a clean kill with one shot. We bled, quickly dressed, tagged, then poled him for a two-man carry out of the woods. We flagged the carcass with six 12x18" cerise cloths cut from surplus WW II identification panels.

The country was flat and open, mostly low brush and scrub oak. Sun shining, blue sky, visibility unlimited. We began the trek back to the car, maybe a half-mile away. We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when, CRACK!! Both of us, with the carcass, hit the dirt at the same time. We yelled at the top of our lungs. I reloaded my rifle and fired several shots in the air.

Nothing else happened. Waiting a couple of minutes I gingerly poked my head up for a look-see. All clear. With a couple of unprintable oaths we resumed the trek to the car. No one was in sight. Obviously after taking a second look, our would-be nemesis disappeared.

Both hunters, in this case, were wearing mixed colored clothing. The deer carcass plastered with cerise cloths. I know the shot was a close one and fired at us. But by what stretch of the imagination could any loose-brained jerk mistake us for a deer? Or maybe the new look in white-tails are calico-colored, slung upside-down and carried by two-legged rifle-slinging guards.

Nothing is more sickening to me than to read of the firearms accidents reported in the daily papers. Worse, was a letter I received from the widow of a friend of mind telling the circumstances surrounding his death. A Marine fighter pilot during WW II in the Pacific and later in Korea. He saw plenty of action in both conflicts, returning stateside without a scratch



from enemy fire or flak. The only physical deformity he suffered was a broken nose, and a couple of front teeth knocked out, the result of a bad carrier landing. He laughed this off as an "occupational hazard suffered by most fly-boys, especially carrier pilots."

His tragic death came as a result of a turkey hunt with several friends in Virginia. Three of them were cautiously stalking an area that had shown fresh signs of some gobblers. No luck. They called a momentary halt, lit a couple of cigarettes and were shooting the breeze when a shotgun blast from the rear hit my friend smack in the head. He died instantly. One of his companions got a couple of pellets in the neck and shoulder. The other was unhurt.

During the confusion the stranger who fired the shot apparently realizing what he had done took to his heels and fled, never to be found. A later search of the area turned up a freshly fired shotgun shell behind a clump of holly bushes 35 feet from where the group was sitting.

Here again, in relatively open brush and a clear day. Now, Bill, just what kind of a turkey is it that squats like three humans, talks like three humans, and smokes cigarettes like three humans? From 35 feet some dim-witted jerk wouldn't take time to investigate. He shot first, then looked, then ran. Another gun-accident widow. And a helluva fine marine went to an undeserved reward.

Now I know you're going to publish more safety articles. These are

OK—sensible shooters usually take heed. But not all, that's the rub. I'd like to see a rerun on an article Bob Dahne wrote on hunting safety five years ago. You published it in the October, 1954, issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE*, entitled, "Don't Be a Dead Hunter."

Through my long years of associating with gun lovers of all kinds I have found the vast majority to be a fine bunch. They too are worried about this irresponsible minority who are causing all this grief. And the annual firearms accident rate surely gives them ample cause.

Vast sums of money have been spent by individuals, clubs, NRA, gun manufacturers, dealers, and governmental agencies to set up substantial safety training programs. Still, the gun-accidents increase.

Now, I may be called narrow-minded for thinking this way, but as far as I'm concerned there's no such thing as an "accidental" firearms death or injury. They're inexcusable, malicious, deliberate; the boob causing them is guilty of murder or deadly assault or both. All his alibis to the contrary, nothing can make me think differently. He's a criminal and just as dangerous as the itchy-fingered stickup man, and should be treated as such. They're jerks, boobs, bird-brains, half-wits, idiots, or kin to a hundred other odd-balls. All 16,000 of them.

And if any of your readers take exception to my remarks, they're jerks too!

See you *after* the hunting season.
Lou.

DOGS AND DEER

(continued from page 15)

move. Their feeding habits may be disrupted and night-feeding deer may also graze in the daytime if they've been moved from their usual haunts and food is scarcer.

Deer dogs range from beagles through black and tan, July, red-bone and Walker hounds. The beagle lovers explain that the little fellows don't push a deer enough to cause him to go too far and they claim you'll get more shots when he simply circles the same area.

At the other extreme are the Walkers with a reputation of wide-ranging. Although the wide-ranging dog may be expected to find more game he is apt to be hard to pick up when the hunt's over. Steerman, who has some fine Walkers, has put in considerable time dog hunting.

For some kinds of hunting, as when it is desirable for the dogs to stick closely to a man who is "driving," Walkers are generally a little too wild unless specially trained for the job.

Central "gathering pens" are often maintained for lost dogs in deer hunting areas. Everybody picks up stray hounds and checks them at the pens.

The party I went with keeps dogs in shape during the off-season by hunting fox with them. They confine their fox-hunting to areas where
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WATERFOWL HUNTERS

Make certain you have a 1959-60 Federal migratory waterfowl hunting stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from your local post office at a cost of \$3.00, the stamp is required of all waterfowl hunters 16 years of age or older.

Your name must be signed in ink across the face of the stamp before you hunt.

The Labrador Retriever with Mallard, shown at right, are featured on the 1959-60 stamp, and are from a drawing by Maynard Reece.



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there are no deer and find that the dogs will go back to deer without difficulty.

The deer dogs from the Eric Watson camp near Samsula, Florida, are toughened up before the season by running behind a jeep on the sand beach. Once deer season opens, dogs are in good shape within a few days providing they escape foot trouble.

Florida deer hunters use a wide variety of weapons. There seems to be a trend away from shotguns and toward rifles but Florida is not rifle country in the sense that the Western states are. Florida has few rifle ranges and few serious rifle cranks, probably because there is little varmint hunting here and most ranges are relatively short. Killing a deer at 500 yards is almost unheard of in the South and the vast majority of Florida deer are killed at ranges much less than 100 yards.

Perhaps the all-around rifle cartridge best suited to Florida hunting would be something like the old .30-30 but there is a trend to more powerful rifles because guns adapted to the .30-30 and similar cartridges don't have the gilt-edged accuracy found in flatter-shooting rifles.

The party I went with leans toward rifles in the .30-06 class and they go for 4-power scopes except when in thick cover. Then, they are

apt to leave the rifle in the pickup and use a shotgun. The bolt action, so popular in the north and west, doesn't show up so much here. Lever, slide-action and semi-auto rifles are fine for close, fast work.

A good choice for Florida deer hunting would be something like the .308 or the .30-06 in a fast-shooting rifle with a short barrel. Either a peep sight or a low-powered scope would be a big help. A really handy outfit would employ a swing-out scope mount that would allow use of open sights for extremely close shots.

Anyone who does handloading can really do it up brown. If he has, say a .30-06, he can use a heavy round-nosed bullet and load it down so that it will move slowly enough to cut through brush—and if he really wants to gild the lily he can keep a few fast-stepping sharp-pointed loads in his pocket for the occasions when he's on a "long range" stand.

Killing power doesn't need to be too high for two reasons. First, the Florida whitetail is not a big animal and a 125-pound buck doesn't require great destruction. Secondly, a wounded deer is not likely to escape the dogs. You can take difficult shots with a clear conscience as long as dogs are being used. In country where you'd have to do the tracking

yourself, taking a tough shot is generally poor sportsmanship.

Some shotgun hunters use both slugs and buckshot, depending on the range.

The rifle I mentioned earlier—a .243, is not a very good choice for brush shooting although quite satisfactory in the open. If I were "loading down" to get a brush-busting bullet I'd rather use something a little heavier. The heaviest .243 Winchester or .244 Remington bullet will run around 100 grains against 200 or so for the .30-06.

The .270 and .280 as well as the fast-stepping magnums are far from ideal Florida deer guns but all of them can be "loaded down" by handloaders until the desired results are achieved. The new Florida resident who has been poking away with long range rifles in other areas doesn't necessarily need to get a new rifle if he can find a handloader to fix things for him.

I don't believe I told you about the end of that Ocala forest hunt. When I went home we hadn't killed a single deer. Wimpy Steerman called me the next day though and said he had killed a big buck with 83 points. Well, maybe it was only 8 points. I didn't pay too much attention. I had heard enough deer stories while I was up there at that camp. ●

BAFFLING MANEUVERS

(continued from page 19)

the wire (horns and all), and, of course, at the sound of the gun, he was away in a flash,—too far for me to shoot at him, and the speed of his getaway was such that my friend had no chance to load again.

I shall never forget how he threw his hunting cap on the ground and jumped up and down on it. But that did not help. The buck was gone, glimmering into the fastness of his wildwood home.

There is a curious way of escaping danger that, insofar as my knowledge extends, is employed only by two of nature's children. These are

the opossum and the hog-nosed snake. Their ruse is the extraordinary one of simulating death, and doing so in the most realistic and dramatic form. If an opossum finds himself in a tight spot, he will curl up, open his mouth, roll back his eyes, and lie absolutely motionless, pretending that he is perfectly dead. At such a time, he can be picked up and carried, or can be dragged along the ground. Not once will he change his pitiful stance.

Not less curious is the behavior of the little hog-nosed snake. He puts on a perfect expiring act, gasping, rolling over, and lying there motionless with his mouth open. Both of these creatures resort to pretense

in order to escape danger.

Another, but a rather humble example of subterfuge, employed by many creatures, from the cottontail rabbit to the whitetail deer, is the evasion of stillness, the escape by secretion. Often a rabbit will "sit tight" until a man, walking near, has passed. Then, when the danger is over, he will steal away in the direction whence the man has come. Even a whitetail deer will do the same thing. Of course, it is escape by hiding. Yet it is more than that. It is a mental decision that brings about such an escape. While every emotion urges the wild thing to rise and fly, wisdom tells it to lie still. And it has the genius to obey wisdom. ●

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



White-eyed Vireo, *Vireo griseus*.

Distinctive for its small size, the white-eye is the smallest of the vireo tribe to be found in Florida. During the summer months it is a common bird in all parts of the state with the exception of the Keys where a subspecies, the Key West Vireo, holds sway. During spring and fall migration periods it reaches some degree of abundance in the state and is to be found here in considerable numbers, especially in the southern reaches, during the winter.

In the hand or at close range the white iris that has given this vireo its name is an excellent mark of identification. Frequently however this trademark is not apparent. The strong wing barring, yellow eye ring and yellow streak from eye to nostril plus the light underparts with a light washing of yellow rather handily mark the white-eyed vireo.

The nest of this bird is most frequently located but a few feet above

the ground, usually well hidden in a thick shrubby tree or bush. The cone shaped nest is quite bulky and is composed of twigs woven about with soft woody fibers. Leaves, moss, fine grasses, and spider webs may also be used in the construction.

The months of May and June appear to be the season of nesting activity for the species in Florida. The eggs average 4 to a clutch and are white with a sparse sprinkling of brown.

Heavy thickets, frequently matted over with vines and intermixed with briars seem to be a favored habitat, especially in low moist areas. From such places the vireo obtains most of the insects which comprise the mainstay of the diet. During the winter when insects are more difficult to come by, a variety of vegetable material—fruits of sumac and wax myrtle for example—become important in the diet.

Yellow-throated Vireo, *Vireo flavifrons*.

The yellow eye ring "spectacles," the prominent white wing barring, the gray rump feathering, and the bright yellow throat and breast combine to mark well this distinctive and beautiful vireo.

A line drawn from the vicinity of Tampa Bay eastward into Brevard County roughly marks the southern extent of the nesting range of the yellow-throat in the state. The birds are found elsewhere in Florida but in those more southerly areas are seen essentially as migrants. During the winter months, southern Mexico to Venezuela is the area hosting most of this species.

The nesting season in Florida seems to be from mid- or late April into at least the first part of June. The nest is typically cone shaped. It is most often swung beneath a forked branch in typical vireo style. The
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structure itself consists of grasses, plant fibers and the like quite frequently with the addition of clumps of lichens attached to the outer walls. The eggs average four to each clutch. They are whitish, frequently with a pink tinge, with heavy spotting and blotching of brown.

Dry deciduous woodlands are favored habitat of this vireo although the birds are no strangers to the cypress country. The leafy crowns of forest trees are the common foraging grounds of the yellow throat. Almost all of the food of the species consists of insects.

The voice of the yellow-throat is usually the most reliable indication of the presence of the species. It is a persistent singer. A deliberate, rather husky and low pitched harsh scold is one of the common sounds made by this bird. Its song is a slurred together melody of rich reedy notes.

Blue-headed Vireo, *Vireo solitarius*.

Averaging six inches in total length, this bird is a medium sized member of the Florida branch of the tribe. Conspicuous "spectacles" formed by the white eye ring contrast strikingly against the dark slate gray head. This feature is the best mark of field identification. The upper body coloration is mainly olive, the sides greenish yellow, and the underparts white.

The bird is a northern nester for the most part, its breeding range covering a considerable portion of Canada and the northern United States. In Florida it is quite common as a winter resident throughout the state. The middle of October usually sees the first arrivals of fall. By late April most if not all of the birds have again headed northward.

The blue-headed vireo is frequently encountered about the edges of openings in the forest where they feed both in the tree tops as well as in the brushy understory. The birds display little shyness and this trait coupled with the striking plumage pattern makes the blue-headed vireo one of the best known of the group.

Insects make up by far the greater portion of the specie's food. The vegetable material taken consists primarily of dogwood and wax myrtle berries.

Black-whiskered Vireo, *Vireo alvicolus*.

The black-whiskered vireo is at once the largest and the least known of the Florida vireos. It is a summer resident in the state and shows a definite preference for the mangrove thickets where its observation is fraught with difficulties. It is now and again reported from the northern part of the state even from points a considerable distance from the coast. For the most part, however, the matted jungles of mangrove comprise its usual habitat.

Although the bird is similar in size and general appearance to the red-eyed vireo, the fine dusky streaks on either side of the throat readily separate the black-whiskered species.

The nest constructed by this vireo is typical in form and appearance to that of other vireos, that is a cup of fibrous plant material hanging from a forked branch. The eggs are pale pinkish in overall tint with a few fine dots.

In addition to Florida, the black-whiskered vireo nests through the Bahamas down through the Antilles. The winter range extends from the Caribbean islands into northern South America.

Red-eyed Vireo, *Vireo olivaceus*.

Although its name would seem to

indicate that the red eye of this bird is something of an especially distinctive characteristic, such is not the case. Several of its related forms share this feature, including the black-whiskered vireo previously treated. Above the eye there runs a clear white head stripe bordered by a thinner line of black. This is the best identification mark of the species. The upper part of the head is gray, the rest of the upper parts olive.

During the summer months nesting vireos of this species are to be found over a vast expanse of the continent. The breeding range extends across most of the southern half of Canada southward throughout much of the United States. In Florida, nesting activities are concentrated in the northern half of the state, from at least central Highlands County northward.

Most of the nests of the red-eye are located close to the ground, usually within four to six feet. There are exceptions and nesting sites as high as 25 feet above the ground level may be encountered. The nest is the usual vireo type, a well constructed cup suspended from the rim between the forks of a horizontal branch or twig. Vegetable fibers and other plant material is bound into position with spider and caterpillar silk. Three or four eggs comprise the usual clutch. They are lightly specked with dark brown.

From about the middle of March the northbound migrants begin arriving in the state. Seven months later—by mid-October—all but the stragglers have departed for the wintering grounds in South America.

Although there are numerous other species of birds that are much more widely known, the red-eyed vireo is considered the most abundant of all North American birds. During the summer months, the food is predominately insects but as various wild fruits and berries become available with the advance of the season, these are taken in quantity. ●



"Now if the bear charges, don't panic—just run!"

dog chatter

By GEORGE CROWLEY

OVER THE PAST SEVERAL years colors have become fashionable, the automobile designers are emphasizing, but they have always been fashionable in dogs. Milady can match or contrast her car or costume with a dog of almost any color of her choice except green, plaid, purple or, say, shocking pink, from among the 100 odd breeds and varieties of purebred canines that are nowadays fancied in the United States.

There is almost the whole gamut of blues, for example, ranging from deep tone that is black when a Kerry Blue Terrier is a pup, to the pale lavender that garbs some Poodles or the Yorkshire's steely sheen. Reds run from the warm glowing mahogany of the Irish Setter, or the deep cherries found in certain other breeds, through the fawns to the lightly glinted golds. Some dogs are silver. There are all of the grays. Some whites glisten and some are mat; blacks come in all of black's intensities; browns and yellows in their infinite variations from deep rust to light tan. There are roans and grizzlies, and many dogs in combination of two tones or colors, or even three.

But if a dog's beauty and bloom of coat and coloration are to be realized fully, there are certain things to be remembered.

First, the dog's ancestors must be chosen with care. A luxuriant coat, like baldness, is hereditary. And just as a child's hair may grow darker or lighter as the child grows older until the shade characteristic of his ancestry is reached, so may a dog's.

Next, a healthy coat, both texture and bloom of the hair, is attained only on a healthy animal. The dog must be properly fed. It must be kept free of parasites and disease. And it must be kept clean and decently trimmed and well groomed.

Next to the right choice of grand-



parents and healthy living conditions and correct feeding which cannot be stressed too much—a ready brush regularly used is a dog's coat's and color's best friend.

The Irish Setter

With his rich mahogany-red coat and his cocky, carefree manner, the Irish Setter has often been called the most beautiful of all sporting dogs. He is certainly a favorite in our family.

Originally a red and white dog, the Irish Setter got his solid-color coat through selective breeding. Even today you sometimes see a bit of white on his chest and toes.

According to history on great American sporting dogs, the Irish Setter ranked high in the early days among the gun-dogs brought to this country. However, the quick rise of the English Setter in early-day field trials, and the later growth in the Pointer's popularity, placed the Irish Setter somewhere in the background

of the gun-dog picture—although he has always loomed in the forefront of bench show activities.

While showing ample intensity on game, most Irish Setters point with a rather low tail which detracts somewhat from the beauty of the pointing posture. Some breeders of this remarkable dog have recently started breeding programs to improve the qualities of the red dog.

Dachshund Town

The training of Dachshunds in the art of catching foxes is a leading "industry" in the West German community of Gergweis, reports the Gaines Dog Research Center of New York.

Gergweis, a small and cozy village not too far from the Czechoslovakian border, has so many Dachshunds that it is referred to as "Teckeldorf," or "Dachshund Town." More than 1,000 Dachshunds are raised and sold in Teckeldorf each year.

The fox hunting in which the Dachshunds engage is not the free-running, over-the-hill and down-dale kind that is familiar to most Englishmen and Americans. It is more of finding the fox in his lair and then going in after him, a feat which requires a great deal of courage and know-how. The little Teckles have both of these qualities.

Marine Corps Honors Dog

The Marine Corps honored a canine veteran of World War II, when "Major Von Luckner," a German Shepherd dog, of Hollywood, Calif., recently celebrated his 18th birthday. Major served with the 2nd Marine Regiment on Guadalcanal and is credited with saving the lives of nine American soldiers. The plucky dog was wounded twice during the war in the Pacific and still wears a special plate in his head made from part of an army mess kit in an emergency operation performed by an army surgeon.

"Major" is owned by Mrs. Jean Platt, and was presented to the K-9 Corps in 1942 where he served until honorably discharged in 1947. ●



AFTER THE HUNT

(continued from page 29)

grass and occasional snails and small crabs. Recognize these facts and prepare your duck accordingly and you will be rewarded by guests reaching for additional servings rather than polite refusals.

Whenever the conversation turns to duck hunting, "it always does when I am present," there comes creeping back through the interval of time memories of youthful days in the duck marshes, skies filled with wildfowl, endless miles of marsh and mud, and an aged colored gentleman. By profession, Pint Russ is a guide to hunters and fishermen; by choice, he is a superb duck hunter and counselor to aspiring young wildfowlers. For the majority of his four-score years, Pint has held a reputation of being almost as good a camp cook as he is wing shot and guide. As the result of a lifetime spent in hunting waterfowl, Pint can identify a duck as to species at an impossible distance; consequently, he shoots only the best for his table. Of all delta ducks this patriarch guide rates the swift little teal, master canvasback, and that gentlemen, the pintail, as top eating birds.

Pint's favorite camp recipe for cooking duck is really quite simple; however, it does require the use of an old fashioned dutch oven. First step, in addition to acquiring the duck, is to build up a good hardwood fire in order that you might have a goodly supply of hot coals available for cooking. Dust the duck's cavity with salt and pepper, add an onion and a chunk of butter, place a wee tad of water, or better yet, port wine in the bottom of the pot, cover the pot and place it in the coals, heaping a supply of coals on top of the dutch oven. In the event your duck is a blue bill, gadwall, or as Pint would say, "if you is spicious of what he has been feeding on," then add some celery and an apple to the stuffing. A Pint Russ duck dressing of hoe cake, onions, butter, bread crumbs, and



If you would have your friends reach for second servings rather than offer polite refusals, learn to identify your ducks.

oysters gathered fresh from the tidal exposed bars provides a dinner destined to linger in the memory of many a tired and happy hunter.

A group of duck hunting gentlemen with whom I am privileged to share pre-dawn coffee have, through a series of trial and error, developed a method of preparing ducks that has almost created a new field of kitchen endeavor. Perhaps I should say campfire or backyard endeavor rather than kitchen. With the present trend of husband and provider attempting to return to the primitive by cooking his meat over a bed of charcoal in the back yard, it was only a matter of time before some wildfowler attempted to risk one of his precious, carefully frozen and horded birds to the heat of the open fire. Such ventures generally proved disheartening, as the wide open spaces caused the object of art to lose all moisture with the end results resembling slices of well-roasted shoe leather. This was before the advent and discovery of an Oklahoma product known as the Cook-N-Kettle. This contraption, or tool if you prefer, bears a remarkable resemblance to an old fashioned cast iron wash pot. With the Cook-N-Kettle, some charcoal, and green hickory, those pieces of shoe leather

have turned into a dish supreme. This unique utensil is not only tops for backyard Bar-B-Q, but is also an item of delight in a duck camp.

My duck hunting companion and neighbor, "Big" Bill Tolbert, is a true master of the Cook-N-Kettle. Bill's method is a simple one. He selects a brace of prime acorn-fat mallards, wipes the cavities dry, sprinkles with salt and pepper, stuffs with one peeled orange, applies a supposedly secret cooking sauce (to this day I believe Bill merely removes the manufacturer's label from a prepared sauce) places the selected and prepared fowl on the grill, replaces the cover, and opens the draft vents. After a generous portion of chilled scuppernong wine and a duck hunting tale or two, there appears some of the tastiest birds to ever cross a palate. I have, on occasions, watched my mother-in-law, "who does not care for ducks," clean the carcass of a Cook-N-Kettle mallard with a proficiency that would make a marauding marsh hawk green with envy. It has become a custom with waterfowling cronies of my acquaintance to hoard a select pair of prime birds for a mid-summer duck supper. This event usually takes place on the 4th of July with Big Bill and the Cook-N-Kettle as host. Of course, the past season's duck widows come into the light by trying to outdo the other members of the fair sex with all sorts of extras, ranging from wild rice dressing to grandmother's secret pound cake. It's a good way to relive the memories from past seasons and plan for future hunts as well as enjoy a most succulent wild fowl.

As a general rule, when one thinks of the deep south and southern cooking one has visions of colonial mansions with a plump Aunt Jemima in a kitchen preparing food on an old fashioned wood burning kitchen range. Seldom does one encounter such sights during this age of electrical gadgets; however, not all such visions have faded from the southern scene. There remains, today, the plantations of North Florida and South Georgia which have

managed to retain this harmonious atmosphere and pleasant way of life, even to the extent of an Aunt Jemima of the kitchen.

These plantations, in all possibility, offer some of the most superb shooting to be found anywhere in the South. While turkey and quail perhaps take the top honors, waterfowl comes in for equal attention on many of these plantations, especially those around Lake Micosukee and Lake Iamonia in Leon and Jefferson counties. From within the portals of these plantations comes not only old fashion southern hospitality, but ducks cooked and prepared in a manner that must have delighted Robert E. Lee and Jeff Davis.

I once became acquainted with one of these ancient mistresses of the kitchen on one of the more popular duck shooting plantations located

near Tallahassee. Aunt Jessie says, "to cook a duck de way men folks 'round here likes dem, dey got to run a little bit red when you slices dem."

The ability to prepare a succulent duck dinner is by no means unique to these cooks; for truly they have received, as a part of their heritage, the tempo and rhythm of good cooking. What is unusual, is the recipe developed by these cooks for a bird generally frowned on by many sportsmen. The lowly coot, mud hen, or whatever you would call him, is not considered a sporting bird by many shooting gentlemen; due, perhaps, to his inability to provide a proper target. This same coot, however, is a cherished morsel to the boat polers and duck guides of the plantations and can, when properly prepared, become a sought after dinner for both home and camp.

According to the Aunt Jemima of my acquaintance, first skin your coot and remove the breast. Dredge these pieces in flour and brown in hot bacon drippings, remove as soon as browned and place in a pot of slowly boiling water to which a cup of red wine and two or three dried red peppers have been added. After browning all pieces, chop up an onion, a bit of celery, and green pepper to the drippings, add a bit of flour and brown slowly. Combine the coot, drippings, mixings, water, and peppers, and let simmer until tender. Serve with brown rice and plenty of cold milk to quench the fire created by the peppers. Sounds awful does it? Well neighbor, don't take my word. Just try it once and watch yourself adding a coot or two to the bag on your next venture to the marshes. ●

SQUIRREL HUNTING

(continued from page 21)

can accomplish the same objective by diverting the bushytail's attention. The hunter makes like a statue while the dog or hunting companion skirts the tree. The squirrel instinctively retreats from movement.

Not many squirrel-hunting dogs are seen in the woods anymore, and I sometimes wonder why. Any mongrel pup can be trained to hunt squirrels since this type dog hunts by sight rather than smell. A good squirrel dog makes a fine hunting companion and greatly adds to the bag.

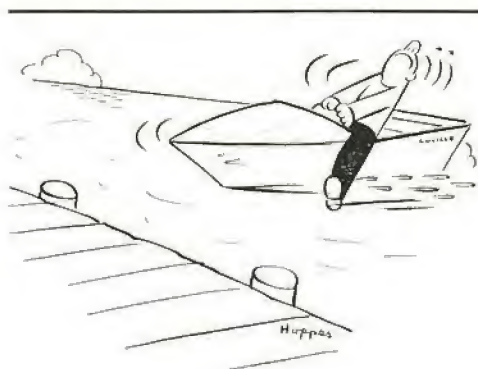
Two people working as a team can cover lots of territory and roust out a passel of squirrels, but somehow I have always considered squirrel hunting a solitary sport. It seems fitting to hunt alone quietly, sitting on a stand and watching the early morning drama of the woods come to life. This to me is one of the fascinating and appealing aspects of squirrel hunting.

A pair of hunters does have one advantage, however. When bushytails are scattered sparsely over a wide area the hunters must move

about to find them. Otherwise, a hunter going it alone can score just as well, often even better.

Any .22 rimfire rifle or small-gauge shotgun is poison on squirrels. The .22 is more sporting, but the shotgun's foremost advantage is on running bushytails. A scope sight aids the hunter in pinpointing his shots and the magnification helps him locate squirrels hiding high in a dense tree crown. Aim for the head, just behind the eye to allow for the greatest margin of error. A misplaced .22 slug in the body will destroy lots of meat.

Personally, I favor long-rifle hollow-point cartridges. Perhaps I sacrifice some accuracy with hollow-points over the more popular solid-lead slugs, but the expanding hollow-points are good insurance to avoid cripples.



In a shotgun I like a .20-gauge pump with No. 6 shot shells. Some people even hunt the sly critters with .22 handguns and bow-and-arrows, which is the ultimate in a hunting challenge.

A squirrel is easily cleaned. Simply bend back the tail, scrape off a tiny area of hair where the tail joins the body and cut through the skin. By cleaning away the hair you won't get as much on the meat. Peel the skin off the body by pulling downwards on the tail with one hand while holding the hind legs with the other. This leaves a small patch of skin on the rump and hind legs which is quickly and easily pulled loose. This entire operation requires only a couple of minutes.

On the dinner platter the succulent squirrel ranks right at the top, which is another reason why I enjoy hunting them.

I know of no more pleasant and soul-satisfying way to spend a chilly morning than working out a neck of squirrel woods. This is a simple and quiet and relaxing sport. In this day of fast living it only takes a squirrel hunt to slow a man down and put things back in their proper perspective. ●

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

During hunting season, the average hunter can expect to experience at least one or more rainy days. In Florida, for example, an otherwise clear hunting day sometimes is marred by a hard rain lasting less than an hour. Smart hunters habitually carry a lightweight plastic rain jacket to slip on during such impromptu showers. They have learned that hunting is enjoyed more when one stays dry.

Unfortunately, some of the emergency garments utilized are practically the same coloration as certain game species; safety-wise, they aren't good! Their neutral colors, combined with the rainy weather low visibility factor, make them hard to see in the woods. If wearers move about in the brush, and provide a quick glimpse of a gray or tan colored object where game is being momentarily expected, gunfire of a careless and too eager hunter can be attracted.

Deer, turkey and squirrel hunters have long needed a bright colored rain jacket that they can temporarily wear during a shower that catches them in woods heavily populated with other hunters. Wearing such a garment, they can either "sit out" a



shower in comfort or move out of the woods without fear of being mistaken for game.

In the Plastimayd Model H2134 tough, pliable Krene plastic rain jacket, the woods' hunter finds an ideal wet-weather garment. The body of the Plastimayd hunting parka is vivid golden yellow, set off by a bright red, attached, lay-flat collar that contains a "hideaway" parka hood of the same bright red material.

A generous drape back is full cut for free-

dom of movement. All seams are of welded, leakproof type. If a weld separation should occur within a year of purchase, you get free replacement of the garment. The sturdy snap closures are also made to last. Accidental damage to a Plastimayd rain jacket can be easily mended with available, inexpensive maintenance kits marketed by the makers of the Plastimayd line of rainwear.

Actually, to keep your hunting-safety rain jacket bright and clean, all you have to do is give it ordinary care, including an occasional washing with soap or detergent. The Krene plastic material does not rot or mildew, so the garment can be folded and put away wet without damage. To the hunter and the camper on the move, this feature is highly desirable.

Nationally advertised, the many rainwear catalog listings of Plastimayd Corporation, Portland 14, Oregon, are stocked by most of the larger Florida sporting goods and department stores.

The Model H2134, yellow and red, hunting parka can be had in Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large sizes.

Inexpensive and practical!

IT'S FUN TO FOOL 'EM

(continued from page 25)

almost invariably first twitch its tail or "flag" upright, whether or not it snorts and flees the scene. (Hunters stalking a browsing buck should be alert for such advance warning and literally freeze into immobility until the animal resumes feeding.)

But, like other animals, deer have communicative sounds that mean something else besides danger. Fawns bleat softly when hungry. Lonely adult does sometime give voice to a reedy-sounding blat. Any imitated sound that makes a deer think another of his kind is nearby constitutes a good deer call.

The first deer kill this writer made was influenced by calling. Deer had been spotted in a thicket but the brush was too dense to positively identify an antlered buck. A blade of grass was plucked, carefully placed between the thumbs and blown upon. The resultant blat caused the buck in the group to raise his head and take a few steps forward in curious investigation. One

shot from a .30-06 bagged him!

Lefty Kreh, a nationally known bowhunter, uses the Texas-made Burnham D-4 call to decoy deer from a distance, and the soft, fluttery bleat of the Sport-Lore (Denver, Colorado) product to take care of close range calling. Concerning the use of the two callers, Kreh says, "I use the Burnham D-4 Call to attract deer which are at distances beyond 100 yards. I'd estimate that the call's sound can carry up to half a mile. The noise sounds like the combination of a siren, a braying mule and an injured lamb. You wouldn't think deer would respond to such noise, but they do.

"I blow the Burnham call every five minutes for 15 minutes. Once I see or suspect a deer is within a hundred yards of my stand, I switch to the Sport-Lore Call. I make four soft notes at 10 minute intervals, breathing softly into the call to create a soft, fluttering bleat. I've had deer walk up within twenty yards."

Murry and Winston Burnham, who make the line of game calls

bearing their surname, are among America's most expert game callers. Their father was also an excellent caller and taught the two boys the secrets of calling predators. However, their first experiments had successful wildlife photography as their objective, rather than killing of game. The Burnham brothers are now so adept at calling that they frequently entice animals so close they can touch them or flip a net over their heads.

Best results from deer calling attempts usually occur when there are not many hunters active in an immediate area, during the hours of 3:00 P. M. until dark and from daylight until about 8:30 A. M. and on windless, overcast days. On certain days, bedded deer will leave their hiding places and investigate close by calls; on other occasions, they will remain hidden and let you blow and blow, and realize growing discouragement when your best efforts fail to produce.

Deer responding to calls may come running or stop from 50 to 100 yards away to listen and sniff intently.

They seldom circle to establish existence of scent, as do foxes.

Besides the Burnham and Sport-Lore calls, the Jones "Enticer" and the Olt R-25 are frequently used ready-mades.

It's surprising how many hand movements even a careful hunter makes while occupying a blind. Moving a call to and from the mouth is a contributory cause. Try to keep a mouth-operated call in the mouth, ready to use at all times. Also use theatrical grease paint to camouflage hands, or wear camouflage net mesh gloves. The importance of remaining undetected by the game you're calling cannot be over-emphasized.

In addition to proper calling, ability to see game amid its natural habitat is also important. For example, it takes a trained eye to pick up and identify a deer standing motionless in almost totally concealing brush, or a bobcat that has pussy-footed along the trunk of a fallen

MUZZLE FLASHES

(continued from page 9)

brush is a product of much deer hunting experience — of seeing wild deer under a variety of field conditions. A haphazard guess can be fatal to another hunter. This year—and always—take a second look before you shoot; you can make sure of your target and still have plenty of time to make a killing shot if the double-check proves the target genuine and legal.

For personal safety, don't use a white handkerchief in the woods. For 5c you can now buy a package of vivid red Kleenex, made especially for hunters by Kimberly-Clark Corporation. Against the nincompoop class of eager hunters, who seemingly are ever-ready to declare any moving white object "a buck's tail," the new product should give needed and hoped-for protection.

Besides hitting the dirt pronto and yelling like a banshee, what can a fired-upon hunter do? Actually, not

tree in curious investigation of the hunter's seductive calling.

Learn to quickly scan broad areas, then give more detailed study to likely spots without being seen yourself. Keep a sharp eye peeled in all directions, consistent with minimum body and head movement. Habitually first slant your eyes and study an area before moving your head. Game can approach from a direction least expected.

Seeing game before it sees you is much of the art of successful hunting.

Some of the available game calls are notably easy to use; others require much practice before they can be made to perform at peak efficiency. Coon and squirrel calls, for instance, can be mastered in about ten minutes; duck and turkey calls are usually just the opposite. Also, some callers seem to have the magic touch from the very first. But all users can become expert with practice. Be sure you get the instruction

sheet each manufacturer packs with his product and follow recommended procedures to the letter.

Dr. Rene-Guy Busnel, a French physiologist, has really made a study of the many different sounds made by Nature's creatures and how different species react to their own and other calls. The Frenchman has not only successfully called in crows from afar by playing a recording of crow talk combined with the distress cry of a plagued falcon, but has decoyed frogs by using a metronome and clanking pieces of glass together. He has even whistled up grasshoppers by blowing repeated blasts on a small shrill whistle while occupying a prone position in a weed patch! If you're a fisherman who regularly uses grasshoppers for bait, you might profitably try the last stunt.

Whether it's grasshoppers or frogs—furred or feathered game—you'll find it's fun to fool 'em; the right kind of calling will do it! ●

much; carelessness has already set the stage for enactment of a tragedy. If the careless hunter's first shot is a miss, there's a chance to stop the show without incurring any physical damage, but too often a carelessly fired first shot will inflict a fatal or serious wound.

If you have been shot at and missed, there is little you can do other than berate the careless hunter, insist on seeing his license and report him to supervising officers or landowner as being an irresponsible person.



There is strong public sentiment that a hunter who injures another hunter or shoots a farmer's livestock in the belief his target is legal game should be denied a hunting license the following year. Such action would be going right to the heart of the problem, this Gun Editor believes.

One old-timer, tired of being shot at by overly-anxious hunters who occasionally mistake him for game, has his own effective way of getting across his mixed feeling of disgust and resentment. He walks up to the irresponsible person and, without saying a word, snatches the offender's gun and wraps it around a tree in one hefty swing! That, too, is striking at the heart of a serious problem, common to every hunting season.

One way or another, modern hunting must be made a safer sport if it is to survive.

May you enjoy good—and safe—
hunting is this Gun Editor's Holiday
Season wish. ●

QUESTION ? BOX

By CHUCK SCHILLING

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: I'm planning a trip to Grand Bahama Island in an outboard boat. I have a 16-footer. Do you think this is large enough to be safe? If it isn't, what size do you recommend, and what time of year would be best? J. B., Tampa, Fla.

Answer: I definitely do not think your boat is large enough to be safe. I prefer a boat about 300 feet long, such as, the S.S. Florida, S.S. Evangeline, etc. It's dangerous to even think about a Gulf Stream crossing in an outboard boat. Most experienced owners of twin engine, radio equipped cruisers make this crossing only in groups for mutual protection. The Gulf Stream is one of the most unpredictable and dangerous of all ocean currents. Give yourself a break and forget about cruising to the islands.

If you want to fish with your own boat out of Grand Bahama, I suggest shipping it over on an island trader out of West Palm Beach. The cost is small, and the savings effected in a week or 10 days of island fishing will more than pay freight charges. Your own boat will, also, give you much more pleasure in the fishing.

Question: You have often written that white or light colored fishing clothes scare the fish and should be avoided. I saw you fishing on the St. Johns River this summer, and you were wearing a long sleeved shirt that looked mighty white to me. How come? Don't you follow your own advice?

D. R. Bell, Ocala, Fla.

Answer: You've got me dead to rights. I take my own advice only when it adds to the fun of fishing. On the day you mention, the light shirt and hat were concessions to a spell of very warm weather. A darker outfit would have been much hotter to wear and would certainly have not contributed much to my enjoyment of a pleasant day afloat. I didn't catch much in the several days of this fishing, and I doubt if my shirt had anything to do with it.

Question: I have read that bass will eat water snakes. Can you tell me if this is true? Bobby Hall, Jacksonville, Fla.

Answer: Bass will eat almost anything they can catch and swallow. This includes

snakes. I caught a 5-pound bass this summer that had a 3-foot snake in his stomach. I'd say this was fairly common.

Question: I would like to know if muskies have ever been planted in Florida lakes. These are wonderful game fish, very much like your Florida bass. We think they are tops in Wisconsin. G. Schneider, Minoqua, Wis.

Answer: I doubt if the try was ever made. Muskellunge are a northern fish whose southern range limit lies about the vicinity of Tennessee. These fish are usually considered even more northern in their preference than trout and smallmouth bass, neither of which will live in Florida's fresh water.

We have a salt-water, Florida game fish that has often been compared to musky in size, looks, habits, and fighting ability. This is the fabulous snook. These fish will live in fresh water, and there has been talk of trying to transplant them into some of Florida's fresh-water lakes.

Question: Driving along a state highway the other day, my car was liberally sprinkled by an airplane spraying some vegetable fields. The spray was, also, falling on a large canal alongside the road. Do



"Herby's expecting Santa to bring fishing tackle, so he used your waders instead of a stocking."

these sprayings have any effect on the fish? L. Handley, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Answer: You bet it does. The spraying will kill the fish, depending on the type of poison being used. In fact, it could easily kill the fish and all other animals, including you. Many of the new "miracle" insecticides are part of a family of "nerve poisons" that have been said to be too horrible to use in civilized warfare. Among these insecticides, being used now for the control of insects in agriculture, are malathion and parathion. These are, also, sold for home use. Just recently, six deaths were reported from these poisons in Dade County alone.

Question: I have noticed a patch of what seems to be fur on some fishing shirts. For the life of me, I can't imagine what purpose these could have. Will you please enlighten me. D. C. Altman, Vero Beach, Fla.

Answer: The patches you noticed are sheep's or lamb's wool and are for the purpose of holding flies. A fly fisherman usually changes flies quite often, and he needs a place to park them until they are dry and before putting them away in a fly case. The wool holds the fly firmly but allows it to be removed easily. The raw wool also has a natural oil that lubricates the hook. These wool patches are, also, worn as outside bands on fishing hats.

Question: In spite of every care I can give, the hooks on my salt-water spoons soon rust. If stainless steel is hard and tough enough for knife blades, why can't it be used to make fish hooks? L. M. Bowen, Miami, Fla.

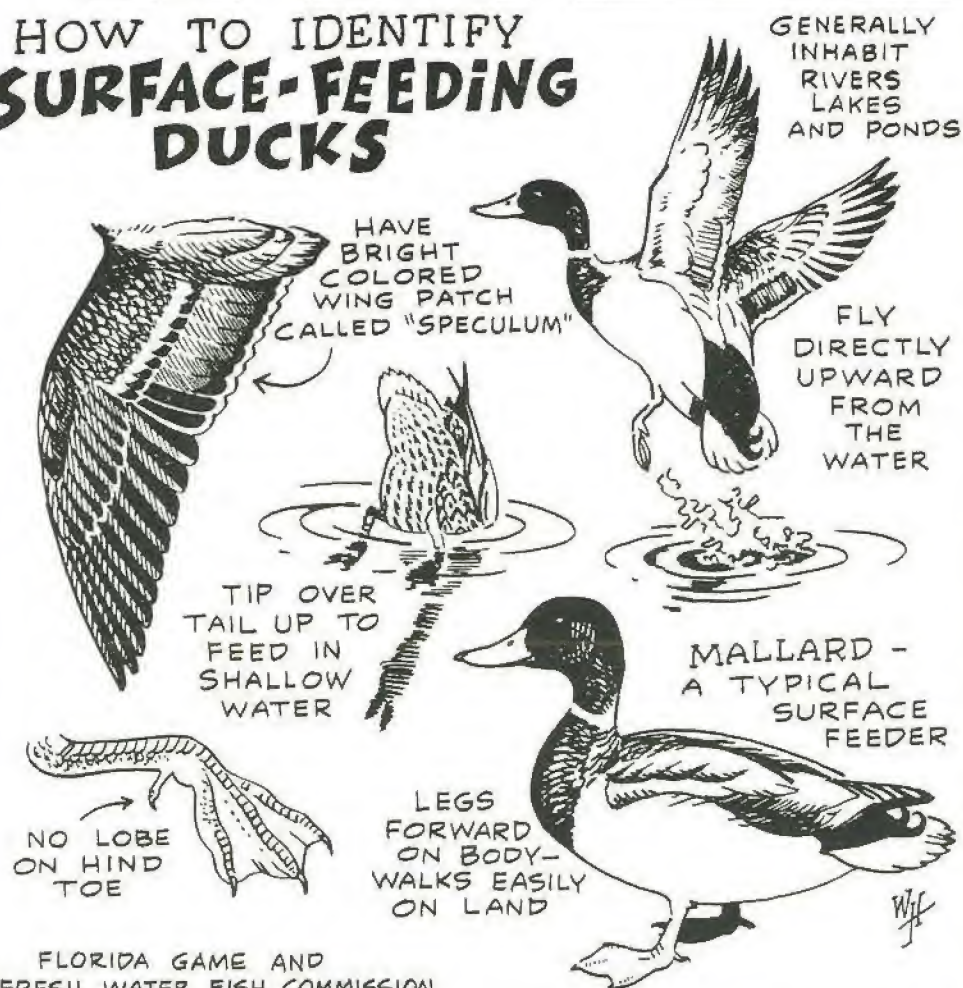
Answer: Rustproof fish hooks have been on the market for years, made by Bill DeWitt of the Auburn Hook Company, Auburn, N. Y. These are called "Z-Nickel." I have used them for years and recommend them highly. These "Z-Nickel" hooks came in all except even sizes, that is 1/0, 3/0, 5/0, etc.

Question: I read in a Miami paper about an angler who had his eye put out because the stretch in his mono fishing line acted as a rubber band. This man was pulling on the mono to free his lure from the branches of a tree. The lure came loose and flew back into his face. Is there any monofilament line that doesn't have this dangerous stretch? C. Dietrich, Daytona Beach, Fla.

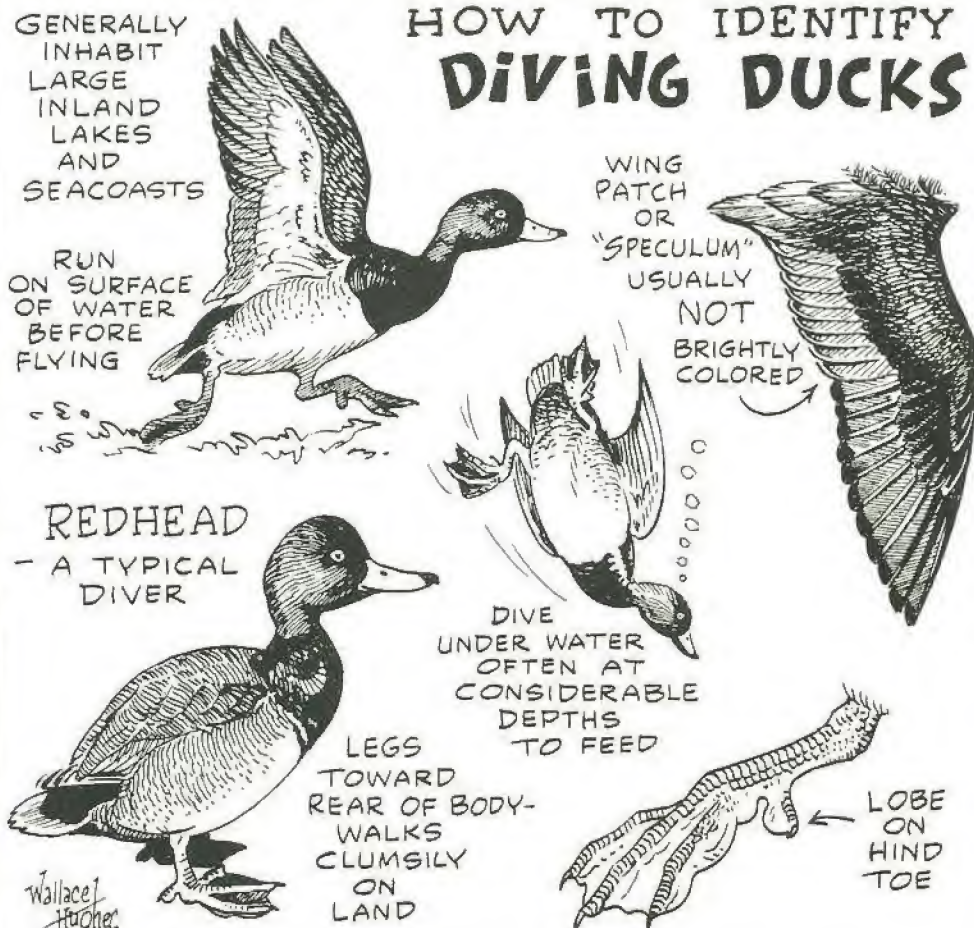
Answer: I don't think so. The stretch is engineered into monofilament fishing lines for a specific purpose. The danger you mention is an unfortunate by-product. As protection from this sort of accident, I wear Polaroid Sunglasses. This lens construction consists of a sheet of plastic film cemented between two pieces of glass. It, thus, becomes "safety glass." This is a precaution I heartily recommend.

F L O R I D A

HOW TO IDENTIFY SURFACE-FEEDING DUCKS



HOW TO IDENTIFY DIVING DUCKS



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